POEMS.

By LADY BURRELL.

Vol. II.

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AN EPISTLE TO A

RELATION IN BERKSHIRE.

December 29th, 1773.

WINTER in all his Lapland pomp returns,
And ev'ry grove for baniſh'd Flora mourns;
The trees no longer can afford a ſhade,
To ſhelter from the wind the traveller's head,
Their leafleſs boughs are cover'd o'er with ſnow,
The frozen ſtreams have loſt their pow'r to flow;
The gen'rous ſteed, depriv'd of ſpirit, ſtands,
And views the deſolated dreary lands,
Where he ſo late on fertile paſtures fed,
Or lay ſupine beneath the ſpreading ſhade;
No more the fragrant herbage clothes the plains,
The ſnow arreſted on the ground remains.
The fleecy tenants of the fields appear
As tho' they mourn'd for the expiring year;
The lambs, a little new-born ſhiv'ring train,
Bleat to their dams, and tremble on the plain:
A thouſand iſicles bedew the thorn,
From whence the lonely robin hails the morn;
The rooks, like patches on a beauty's brow,
Appear contraſted with a ſheet of ſnow;

We, in the houſe, around the chimney creep,
Some cold as marble, others half aſleep:
If I go nearer to the fire, I burn,
And freeze, if from the blazing heat I turn;
One cheek is roaſted to a furious red,
From its cold brother, vital heat is fled.
More I wou'd ſcribble, but my Muſe is chill'd,
My fingers froſtnip'd, and my paper fill'd.

On the Marriage of his GRACE WILLIAM DUKE *of* LEINSTER, *to the Honourable Miſs* ST. GEORGE.

WHEN erſt the potent Leinſter's heir,
Hibernia's hope, and Virtue's care,
To foreign climes was ſent,
Dan Cupid took his bow and dart,
And with a view to wound his heart,
To fam'd ITALIA went.

There, he victoriouſly diſplay'd
The tricks of his deceitful trade,
By beauty's charms aſſiſted;
The gay, the artful, and the fair,
Were ſoon entangled in the ſnare,
But William ſtill reſiſted.

The little GOD in ſecret fretted —
But VENUS, to conſole him, betted
Her zone upon his ſide;
"To Gallia's coaſt," ſhe cry'd, "repair!
"There meet this obſtinate KILDARE,
"And tempt him with a bride:

" Tho' free unſhackled love ſhou'd fail,
" Dull ſober Hymen may prevail,
" O'er one ſo ſtrangely ſtupid,
" Whoſe languid pulſe ſo idly beats,
" That he can baffle all the cheats
" Of Italy and Cupid.

" Yes! to the Pyrenean ſnow,
" My child, we will together go,
" And there thy power diſcover;
" The daring youth ſhall thither come,
" Nor from th' enchanted valley * roam
" Till he is made a lover.

" Pleas'd with a proſpect ſo ſublime,
" Shou'd he the mountains try to climb,
" We'll meet him on the way;
" If to the rapid Gâve he ſtrays,
" My ſon ſhall whiſper beauty's praiſe,
" And on the margin lay.

" Warn'd from precipitate retreat,
" By the deep gulph beneath his feet,
" He ſure will pauſe awhile;
" And hear the gentle voice of love
" Reſound from valley, hill, and grove,
" His fancy to beguile."

She ſaid—the miſchief brooding pair
Flew to the ſnowy mountains, where
They meditate their ſcheme.
In ambuſh near Saint Sevrin hid,
They ſaw Kildare by fancy led,
To taſte Hygeia's ſtream,

* Bareges,

With joy his near approach they view'd;
Then in a wild capricious mood,
To make their plan compleat,
The ſnow they pour'd in torrents down,
Which form'd a deluge round the town,
Obſtructing all retreat.

Lo! like a bright celeſtial ſtar
Appear'd the amiable Kildare,
In all the bloom of youth;
Enobl'd more by real merit,
Than by the name he did inherit,
And form'd for love and truth.

Charm'd at his worth, a ſcore of eyes,
A thouſand ſmiles, a thouſand ſighs,
So rich a prize aſſail;
One fair will prate — another read —
Yet none among them can ſucceed,
For foreign arts may fail.

Then *belle Cat'rine, une jeune Bergere,*
With brilliant eyes and ſimple air,
His gen'rous heart approv'd,
But only admiration ſtaid,
For he cou'd ne'er ſeduce the maid,
Or ruin what he lov'd.

The powers of miſchief then came down,
By night approaching to the town,
The conteſt to improve;
There by St. George! nay more, by Styx!
They ſwear his wavering heart to fix,
And make it yield to love.

Sly Cupid twang'd his ivory bow;
But ſad to tell — the frigid ſnow
Had petrify'd the dart;
True to the mark, it cleft the air,
And reach'd the boſom of Kildare,
But only graz'd his heart.

Diſpair the mind of Cupid fill'd —
Among the mountains he conceal'd
His ſhame, and wept alone:
Whilſt turning to his native coaſt,
William became Hibernia's boaſt,
And wore the ducal crown.

But lo! emerging from a cloud,
The little fly revengeful God,
Again employs his art;
Bethinks him of his oath — then flys
For refuge to St. George's eyes,
And conquers Leinſter's heart.

Long may they live! and long may fame
Do juſtice to their noble name,
Whilſt Hymen bids them prove
Such pure affection and content,
That Leinſter never may repent
A bondage made by love.

THE PLUMERIAD.

Written in the Year 1776.

SINCE rambling was ſo much in vogue,
Cupid (a ſly deſigning rogue!)
Pretended he wou'd travel;
In hopes that by his artful care,
The ſecret of his journey there,
Pſyche wou'd not unravel.

"My dear!" ſaid he, "ſo long I've tarry'd
"In Paphos, ſince we have been marry'd,
"That Jove begins to joke;
"He vows that I have loſt my wings,
"And, tyed unto your apron ſtrings,
"Am tamed by Hymen's yoke.

"He ſwears that if I cou'd elope,
"I ſhou'd deſert my wife, and hope
"That ſhe might never find me;
"And that in ſpight of your orations
"I ſhou'd be buſied in flirtations,
"And never, never mind ye.

" But, to convince him he miſtakes,
" In thinking I am like the rakes
" Who laugh at nuptial love,
" From the celeſtial realms I'll go,
" And ſoon returning from below,
" My conſtancy will prove."

He ſaid—and with a lame excuſe
Thought he cou'd ſatisfy his gooſe,
And jealous fears prevent;
Then with a haſty kiſs, and ſmile,
He flew from Cytherea's iſle,
And with his mother went,

To rove on earth: but Pſyche knew
Her ſpouſe too well to think him true,
Tho' the young thief wou'd ſwear it;
She was not ſuch a fool, to be
The dupe of his hypocriſy,
Nor wou'd ſhe tamely bear it.

" Shall I," ſaid ſhe, " with patience bear
" The ſly remark, the ſaucy ſneer,
" Of each celeſtial dame?
" Shall ev'ry pert malicious thing,
" Who ſees my huſband on the wing,
" His levity proclaim?

" Shall his bold mother bear away
" A heart that is my lawful prey,
" On purpoſe to perplex me?
" And ſhall I not one trial make
" To be reveng'd upon the rake
" Who is reſolv'd to vex me?

" No! I wou'd rather be divorc'd,
" Than that my vengeance ſhou'd be croſs'd!
" He thinks me tame and ſtupid;
" But Juno ſoon ſhall know his tricks,
" And ſhe (provok'd at Jove) by Styx
" Hath ſworn to puniſh Cupid."

She ſaid—and ſought the ſtately Queen;
Then with a ſad and humble mien,
Petition'd her aſſiſtance;
(For how cou'd ſhe alone go down
Without a mandate from the crown,
To arreſt him at a diſtance?)

" Return, fair Pſyche! to thy bower:"
(Reply'd the Queen) " I will reſtore
" This rebel to thy charms;—
" The crafty ſtratagems of Jove,
" All owe their origin to love,
" And rage my boſom warms."

She ſaid—and in an angry mood,
Her car envelop'd in a cloud,
With malice by her ſide,
The gaudy peacocks bear the reins,
And waft her to the verdant plains,
Where Thames is known to glide.

Then haſt'ning thro' Auguſta's gate,
She heard that amorous Cupid ſat
Among the Britiſh fair,
Who to the Opera Houſe reſort,
Where love and Venus hold their court,
Where joy and mirth repair.

Thither the Goddeſs bent her way,
Amidſt the young, the fair, the gay,
Unknown, and unſuſpected;
But when ſhe to the circle came,
Thro' mortal garb th' imperial dame
By Cupid was detected.

" How ſhall I hide myſelf?" cry'd he,
" How fly from the ſeverity
" Of Juno's flippant tongue?
" Ah! how ſhall I elude her ſearch?
" Behold with dreadful rod of birch
" She ſeeks me in the throng.

" Oft did ſhe ſwear, if here I ſtaid
" And follow'd my accuſtom'd trade,
" Among the gay and free,
" I ſhou'd be exil'd from the town,
" Or carried to the Olympian throne,
" Arraign'd by her decree.

" O Faſhion! Liberty! and pleaſure!
" Ladies! I'm frighten'd beyond meaſure,
" Both for myſelf and mother;
" Oh! how I dread th' approaching ſtrife!
" She'll bear me priſoner to my wife,
" And make a horrid pother.

" She comes! obſerve her angry eyes—
" My ſafety in your conduct lies,
" To you I truſt my fate—
" See where my mother flies before!
" Oh! ſave us in this dang'rous hour!
" Conceal me ere too late!"

The pitying ladies heard the boy,
And all their ſubtle wits employ,
To reſcue him and mother;
Lo! on the head of ev'ry fair,
Does Babel's lofty tower appear,
Each vying with the other.

Such plumes as wav'd in times of yore,
(When Hector's helm its honours bore,)
Appear'd on ev'ry head;
Nodding defiance to the foe,
The party-colour'd feathers glow,
In Cupid's cauſe diſplay'd.

They look'd all cap-a-pee for war,
Nay ev'ry languid timorous fair
Catches the new infection;
They wave their banners to the ſight,
Blue, purple, pink, green, black, and white,
As ſuits with the complexion.

Conceal'd by theſe, as with a ſcreen,
Lay Cupid and the Cyprian Queen;
But ſad the reſt to tell!
They giggling to a ſtrange exceſs,
At ſight of this amazing dreſs,
Into HYSTERICS fell.

The noiſe the laughing victims made
To Juno their retreat betray'd—
Her ſtorm of paſſion gathers:
She exiles Cupid from the city,
And tho' fair Venus begg'd for pity,
Impriſons her in feathers.

There, by the force of Juno's power
She'll dormant lay, until the hour
That REASON ſets her free;
Soon as the feather'd ſtructures fail,
Her former influence will prevail,
And we her charms ſhall ſee.

The little fugitive will then
Return, — and form his court again:
(Such is the will of Jove.)
Now folly rules the human race,
And ridicule with grinning face,
Laughs out the torch of love.

An Epiſtle from Miſs BIDDY AP-OWEN, *during a viſit in London, to her Couſin, Miſs* KITTY EVANS *in Wales, (in humble imitation of the Bath Guide.)*

1778.

NO words, my dear friend! can expreſs half the pleaſure
I find in a little retirement and leiſure,
And whilſt my good aunt is deſcribing her ſorrow,
At being confin'd in the houſe till to-morrow,
With patience to-day I from rambling abſtain,
And am very well pleas'd with this deluge of rain,
Since it gives me the time to inform my dear Kitty,
What things I have ſeen in this wonderful city.

The firſt day I came my ideas were hurl'd
Into Chaos, but now they have form'd a new world.
Emerg'd from obſcurity, brought out of Wales,
Where nothing but gothic old cuſtom prevails,
Enraptur'd I gaze on a new ſcene of action,
Tho' faſhion is folly, and pleaſure diſtraction.
Such ſights I have ſeen! and ſuch ſtories have heard!—
Well! London's an excellent place, on my word!
Oh! think what a great alteration I prove!
Our mountains are left for the city of love.

Our leeks, and our butter-milk, now I deſpiſe,
For I live upon turtle, and perigord pies.

Sir Authur Lewellyn I think of no more,
Or think of him only, as being a BORE,
(An epithet all the fine people have ready
For the ſtupid, the vulgar, the formal, the ſteady.)
Sir Authur no more with my hopes will accord,
For I've talk'd to a Duke, and have danc'd with a Lord.

A month is elaps'd ſince from Wales I was brought,
And already I profit by what I am taught;
I begin to uſe terms that I never had known,
If my ſtars had not doom'd me to learn in this town,
And watch all the women of faſhion I ſee,
That their actions may be an example for me.
I imitate thoſe who are reckon'd well dreſs'd,
And am glad to coquet with the MEN, like the reſt.
My AUNT, who to ev'ry punctilio attends,
Is pleas'd to preſent me to all her fine friends,
And if I aſſociate with people, who know
The world ſo much better than Welch girls can do,
I ſurely a good opportunity find
To improve my behaviour, and poliſh my mind.
Beſides, I the likelieſt method purſue
To bring home new faſhions, dear Kitty! for you.

I own that I am not impatient to leave
A place, where I dayly amuſement receive,
Here mirth and ſociety court me to ſtay,
But in Pembroke, I cannot expect to be gay;
For when I return, poor Sir Authur will teaze me,
With his awkward old-faſhion'd endeavours to pleaſe me.

I ſhall bluſh to be woo'd by a figure ſo queer,
And meet his profeſſions of love with a ſneer:
For ah! after living with beaux of this age,
At a lover ſo dull I ſhall be in a rage,
And diſmiſs the old ruſtic, regardleſs of blame,
In ſpight of his pedigree, riches, and name.
With what different aſpect does courtſhip appear!
It is buſineſs in WALES, but true gallantry here.

Too ſwift, my dear Kitty! the moments have flown,
Since firſt I arriv'd in this turbulent town.
One week was allotted to purchaſing clothes,
For my aunt (who is ſenſible,) very well knows
How awkward a girl muſt in public appear,
Unleſs ſhe is dreſs'd in the mode of the year.
And ſhe kindly declar'd, that as ſoon as my head
Was prepar'd for the cap Madame Beauvais had made,
I ſhou'd be to ſome people of conſequence known,
And ſee all the fav'rite amuſements in town.

When my clothes were ſent home, a pert Frenchman
appear'd,
Who made my hair white as my grandfather's beard;
He daub'd his pomatums all over my head,
And a ſcore of black pins made it heavy as lead.
When my cap and high feathers were properly plac'd,
The top of my head was three yards from my waiſt.
I gaz'd in my glaſs with amazement and fear,
Leſt my figure ſhou'd ſtartle whoever came near:
But my aunt was delighted to ſee me ſo dreſs'd,
And I do not know which of our heads were the leaſt;
Her hair being GRAY, was diſguis'd by the fellow
With the powder that's red, and pomatum that's yellow.

Thought I, metamorphoſes ſometimes are charming,
But this is to me of a nature alarming.
My aunt HAD a decent old-virgin-like face,
This awkward deception will prove her diſgrace,
For 'tis the moſt difficult ſcience in Nature
To make an old lady appear a young creature;
The juvenile dreſs, and the airs of fifteen,
Are *mal apropos* to ſo clumſey a mien.

Her cheeks with French paint were amazingly dy'd,
And a pair of falſe hips to her ſides were apply'd;
But what will you ſay, when I tell you her head
Was cover'd with feathers, green, purple and red;
And to add to the whimſical picture, her waiſt
With a roſe-colour'd ſaſh like an infant's was grac'd!
In ſhort, ſhe was quite an aſtoniſhing ſight,
And I freely confeſs that I thought her a fright.
She ſmilingly told me 'twas time I ſhould ſee
A place call'd PANTHEON, where people drink tea,
And pay for the exquiſite pleaſure of ſound,
Which tickles their ears, as they walk round and round.
She ſaid — With impatience her ſteps I purſu'd,
Arriv'd in the room, and there motionleſs ſtood.
The pillars, and luſtres, fine ladies, gay clothes,
The ſoft-breathing muſic, and ſoft-ſpeaking beaux,
All ſeiz'd on my ſenſes, and, dumb with ſurprize,
I ſilently feaſted my ears and my eyes.
My ſpirits were in a prodigious quandary,
When firſt they were rouz'd by the loud AGUJARI;
Whoſe voice is ſo ſhrill, and whoſe lungs are ſo ſtrong,
That ſhe aſks fifty guineas for ſinging one ſong.
My aunt cry'd, " Dear Biddy! attend to this woman!
" I vow one can hardly believe ſhe is human!

" O Dio! what ſounds!—Now obſerve that ſweet fellow
" Who ſits there, and plays on the VIOLONCELLO,
" On muſic like his, Miſs Ap-Owen! I doat—
" A ſolo is always divine from LA MOTTE;
" But yet I muſt keep ſome attention in petto
" For that gentle Italian, the ſweet MANZOLETTO."

All this, my dear Kitty! was nonſenſe to me,
Yet unwilling the crowd ſhou'd my ignorance ſee,
To comprehend all that ſhe ſaid I pretended,
Tho' I really was glad, when the concert was ended.
We then left our ſeats, and I felt very proud
While in pleaſing diſorder we mov'd with the crowd,
But as ſoon as we got in the midſt of the throng,
They trod on my gown, and then puſh'd me along.
Thought I, theſe fine Londoners make very free—
I ſuppoſe they behave in this manner to me
Becauſe they believe country girls will ſubmit
To be batter'd, and bruis'd, as the people think fit.
I own that I always in Wales underſtood,
A woman of faſhion ſhou'd never be rude;
But ſurely by what I experience to-night,
Theſe high-bred fine ladies are far leſs polite
Than thoſe, who reſide on the mountains of Wales,
Where innocent freedom, and friendſhip, prevails.

What a wonderful jargon was whiſper'd around me!
What comical figures appear'd to confound me!
Some in dreſſes ſo queer! and with heads ſo ſurprizing!
Sure never was faſhion ſo ſtrangely diſguiſing!
There were garments of every colour and kind,
There were cloaks with PINK fur, all be-trimm'd and be-lin'd.

There were lappets and ribbons that floated in air,
And the hoods of the cloaks ſerv'd for bags to the hair.
The ugly, the handſome, the matron, the maid,
The buck, and the beau, their ſweet perſons diſplay'd.
All ſorts, and all ages of people were ſeen,
The WIDOW of ſixty, the MISS of ſixteen.
Here, a buxom fat lady ſat flirting her fan,
There a youthful COQUETTE, — making love to a man.
A wither'd old BACHELOR, ogling a prude;
A parcel of HOBBITIHOYS — very rude!
But I cannot do juſtice to half the odd faces
Of the pretty prim MISSES, with all their grimaces:
One drew in her eyes, like a perſon near-ſighted,
One pok'd out her head, like a turkey affrighted,
One ſtuck out her elbows, as if for defiance,
Another look'd ſweet, and ſeem'd full of compliance.

A beautiful woman came ſmiling along,
Diſtinguiſh'd above all the reſt of the throng.
Quoth I, to my aunt, "what a wonderful creature!
"She ſeems to derive all her beauty from Nature!
"Good-humour and ſprightlineſs dwell on her face,
"And ſhe looks like the goddeſs who reigns in this place."

"The beautiful figure you ſee," ſhe reply'd,
"A SPENCER by birth, is to DEVON ally'd;
"To that good-temper'd, amiable woman, is giv'n
"The bounties of Nature, the bleſſings of Heav'n;
"Her ſmiles teach the Cynic to look leſs ſevere,
"The critic is dumb when GEORGINA is near,
"The nymphs to her charms yield the praiſe that is due,
"The ſwains' adorations her footſteps purſue,

" The deity Fortune, is plac'd at her door,
" She is lov'd by her equals—and bleſs'd by the poor."

The next was a lady ſo frolick and gay,
She ſeem'd only faſhion'd to laugh and to play,
As wild as the colt in my grandfather's mead,
With a ſcore of French plumes nodding over her head.
A rump made of cork, I was told, ſhe had on,
And that every part of her dreſs was the *tôn*.
Her hair ſtood upright like a porcupine's back,
And ſhe wore a white *fourèau*, inſtead of a *ſacque*.

An elegant gipſey came tripping along,
Whoſe Frenchified garb ſoon attracted the throng,
The beads that ſhe wore on her neck and her waiſt,
I ſuppoſe were eſteem'd as a proof of her taſte,
But each was as big as a walnut I'm certain,
And her apron wrapp'd over her gown like a curtain.

I ſaw a fine lady come buſtling along,
Whilſt ſpeeches of drama roll'd ſoft from her tongue.
I heard her lament with a friend at the door,
That the rage for the *coterie* now was no more.
Said ſhe, " when 'twas firſt in ſuch high eſtimation,
" I thought it a place of ſublime recreation,
" One cou'd thither retire from the opera or play,
" And talk of whatever was done in the day.
" How charming to paſs the dull hours of the night!
" Where friendſhip and mirth did ſo kindly unite!
" Where hateful reſerve was black-ball'd from the room!
" And the chearful ſociety all ſeem'd at home!"
She ſaid, and withdrew to a room above ſtairs,
Where they dance with a thouſand grimaces and airs;

We follow'd, and ſaw her agility try'd,
In a *perigordine* with a beau by her ſide.

A beauty I ſaw, but the principal part
Of her charms, were indebted to faſhion and art.
Says my aunt, " that fine lady who joins in the dance,
" Is as giddy and gay as the women in France,
" Aſſiſts her fond huſband to haſten his ruin,
" And ſeems to have pride in the miſchief ſhe's doing."

I had not the time to expreſs half my wonder,
Ere I heard ſuch a noiſe that I thought it was thunder.
A troop of young rakes, with impertinent airs,
Where hailing their comrades, and running up ſtairs:
Among them were ſome in ſuch dreſſes! dear KITTY,
I cannot think how they ſhou'd fancy them pretty.
Their coats were beſpotted with black in odd ſhapes,
And I never beheld ſuch extravagant capes;
Their ſhoes had red heels, and I vow and declare
The buckles were ſuch as our harneſſes bear,
They enclos'd the poor feet in prepoſterous ſtate,
And the toes ſeem'd ſcarce able to lift up the weight:
Lord *Pug* wore a coat like a livery of buff,
With a cape of red velvet, — but as for his *muff*
Its magnitude gave me new cauſe for ſurprize,
It wou'd make half a dozen of moderate ſize.
I thought it appear'd juſt as if the good Lord
Deem'd it proper to wear both a ſhield and a ſword;
His hair and his handkerchief ſmelt of perfume,
And he warbled an air, as he walk'd up the room.

A Duke came to ſpeak to my aunt, and thought fit
To laugh with us both, and to charm with his wit,
When we meet I will tell you what fine things he ſaid,
For I'm ſure they will never be out of my head.

But Lord *Pug* interrupting us, cry'd out — " By gad!
" One would think all the people below ſtairs were mad!
" They flock to the tea room ſo eager! — I vow
" I do not believe there is place for you now."
On hearing theſe tidings we haſten'd down ſtairs,
Where the people were ſtill like a parcel of bears;
When we came to the tea room we found ſuch a crowd,
That ten minutes at leaſt in the paſſage we ſtood,
Till Lord *Pug*, and another young beau went before,
And almoſt by force made their way at the door;
We follow'd their ſteps, and at length we were able
To wade thro' the crowd, and ſit down at a table.

The buzz that the clamorous multitude made
Prevented my hearing a word that was ſaid,
Inſenſible too of the power of Cupid,
I began by degrees to grow ſleepy and ſtupid;
But whilſt I was nodding, I heard a loud ſcream,
Which ſeiz'd on my ſenſes, and ended my dream,
For great was my terror, my grief, my amaze,
To find that my FEATHERS were quite in a blaze;
The company all were alarm'd at the ſight,
And I wonder I did not expire with the fright.
A poor macaroni with horror ſurvey'd
The quick devaſtation it made on my head;
Alarm'd, for an engine he inſtantly call'd,
Another as loud for a featherbed bawl'd,
Some cry'd the beſt way was to ſtifle the flame,
And an IRISH pert miſs, (I forget the girl's name,)
Wiſh'd to empty the tea water boiling upon it,
Nay, had not my AUNT interfer'd, ſhe had done it;
But gallant Lord *Pug* bid me not be afraid,
Then held up his MUFF, and it ſwallow'd my head,

The fire was extinguiſh'd, the muff half deſtroy'd,
And the hero triumphant, our praiſes enjoy'd.

I ſhall love Viſcount *Pug* for the action for ever!
I'm ſure the idea was monſtrouſly clever;
And with grateful attention the *muff* I ſurvey'd,
Which had ſuffer'd ſo much in defence of my head.
With the little remains of my hair that was left,
And of all my fine cap and gay feathers bereft,
I thought one adventure a night was enough,
Therefore, noble Lord *Pug*, with his poor damag'd *muff*,
Adviſ'd me the riſque of more danger to ſhun,
And with patience to bear all the harm that was done;
But whilſt he conducted me ſafe to my chair,
He lamented the loſs of his *muff*, — and my hair.

And now, my dear Kitty, I bid you adieu!
My next ſhall the theme of adventures purſue;
I have not yet told you half what I have ſeen,
For I both to a play and an opera have been;
By the aid of falſe curls I am fit to appear,
And my aunt makes a point I ſhall go ev'ry where.
New adventures occur, and new pleaſures invite,
We ſleep half the day, and we ſit up all night;
Nor am I deſirous of leiſure, unleſs
It is that to you I my thoughts may expreſs,
For to quote what I often have heard my aunt ſay,
" A life ſo enchanting, is quite *à mon grē*."

MAY DAY.

(In imitation of a Poem call'd the Firſt of April.)

1779.

'TWAS on the firſt of gentle May,
The chimney-ſweepers holiday,
The day of milk-maids joys;
When garlands in the ſtreets appear,
When bruſh and ſhovel ſtun the ear,
And trappings deck the boys,

'Twas on that morning fancy ſhed
Her powerful ſpells upon my head,
With gay deluſions fraught;
The goddeſs at my couch reclin'd,
And to my agitated mind
A wond'rous viſion brought.

Methought among a jovial throng,
Thro' London's ſtreets I paſs'd along
To that frequented place,
Where ev'ry Saturday repair
The old, the young, the brown, the fair,
To praiſe th' Italian race.

For who wou'd ſeem devoid of taſte?
Thither the ſons of dullneſs haſte,
Whoſe ears can ſcarce diſtinguiſh
The minuet from cottillôn,
Nor know they if the warbler's tongue
Italian ſpeaks, or Engliſh;

But cuſtom gives them the pretence
To prate,—and with impertinence
They talk in borrow'd phraſe;
"Ye Gods! how GABRIELLI ſings!
"Her every note new ſubject brings
"For COGNOSCENTIS' praiſe!"

But lo! upon the door diſplay'd,
In golden characters, I read,
"Here MAY will hold her court
"With FASHION, whoſe prevailing ſway
"Hath long permitted HER firſt day
"To be a day of ſport."

Then was the portal open'd wide,
And entering with the flowing tide,
A wond'rous change I found.
The OPERA HOUSE no more was ſeen,
For NATURE with her livery green
Had dreſs'd the level ground.

There trees appear'd with foliage gay,
And the gay thorn beſprynt with May,
In virgin white array'd;
Soft was the air, and Zephyr's wing
Wafted the fragrance of the ſpring
Along the chequer'd ſhade.

Whilſt at the merry tabor's ſound,
A jocund tribe, the maypole round
Danc'd in fantaſtic meaſures;
Fair May, led on by ſmiling hours,
(Dreſs'd with a coronet of flowers,)
Approv'd their rural pleaſures.

Then thus ſhe ſpake: "That all may know
"How much to thoſe dear friends I owe
"Ycleped *Love*, and *Ton*,
"Hear me, ye nymphs and ſwains! declare
"What proofs of their regard I ſhare,
"What honours are my own.

"Of all the months throughout the year,
"Mine LOVE doth conſtantly prefer,
"To make creation gay;
"He rules the valley, hill, and grove,
"The warblers ſing the tale of love,
"And build their neſts in May.

"FASHION! fantaſtic, wild! and free!
"Is always liberal to me,
"And in my praiſes loud;
"She has more *Fêtes* to me aſſign'd,
"Than in the kalendar we find
"To other months allow'd.

"And now in gratitude I pay
"My thanks on this returning day,
"Whereon my reign begins;
"I mean a triumph ſhall be paid
"To LOVE, and that FANTASTIC MAID,
"From whom example ſprings.

" Come then, ambitious people! come,
" Ye who have made their courts your home,
" And worſhipp'd at their ſhrine!
" Preſent your offerings to the POWER
" Whoſe pleaſing dictates you adore,
" Whoſe ſway illuſtrates mine.

" Ye who with CUPID's ſmiles are bleſs'd,
" Come in your gayeſt garments dreſs'd,
" And ſtrew with flowers the ground;
" And ye who have incurr'd his frown,
" Here pray his rigours may be done,
" And all your hopes be crown'd.

" Attend, fair dames! and courtly beaux!
" Extravagant in rouge and clothes,
" Attend, and make your boaſt,
" How much in FASHION you have ſhone,
" How much true taſte hath been your own,
" How much your whims have coſt."

She ſaid;—and we the altars ſought—
The fane decreed to Love was wrought
With paintings ſoft and gay;
A thouſand little Cupids there,
Arm'd with their bows and darts appear,
All crown'd with wreaths of May.

Bright Venus! gracefully was laid
Beneath a flow'ry myrtle's ſhade,
Whilſt with a jocund air
The graces and obedient loves
Releas'd two little flutt'ring doves
From the reſplendent car.

Two downy ſwans in ſtately pride,
Seem'd with the ſilver ſtream to glide,
In golden collars dreſs'd;
And as they gently floated on,
They ſearch'd the waving reeds among,
To build their bridal neſt.

Meantime blythe Cupid on the ſtrand
Reclin'd — his arrows in his hand,
His emblems ſtrew'd around,
The net, the chain, the bow, the dart,
The traps, and torments for the heart,
Were in abundance found.

Some arrows he had dipp'd in gall,
(Which unto many votaries fall,)
And ſome were fram'd for joy;
But moſt were meſſengers of ill,
Inflicting wounds that never kill,
Tho' comfort they deſtroy.

The ſhrine of faſhion next we view'd,
With earings, gems, and trinkets ſtrew'd,
In a ſuperb confuſion;
There cards and dice were ready laid
For thoſe who love the gambling trade,
And counters in profuſion.

There, clad in whimſical array,
Painted, and gawdy as a jay,
Was PLEASURE's image ſeen;
A figure in appearance fair,
But unſubſtantial as the air,
And of fantaſtic mien.

(Within her court the young and gay,
Enchanted paſs the time away,
With MIRTH and FOLLY playing:
Fat lazy LUXURY is there,
EXTRAVAGANCE in mad career,
And VICE her ſnares diſplaying;)

I gaz'd, — when lo! the ſongſters cry'd,
(As if ſome hoſtile bird they ſpy'd,
Which fill'd them with alarms!)
I turn'd — a murmuring ſound was heard!
A thouſand plumed creſts appear'd,
As of an hoſt in arms.

Like the far diſtant wave, that roars
A hollow ſignal to the ſhores,
Of elemental war,
So did the tumult of the ſcene
Portend confuſion and chagrin
To ſome among the fair.

How ſhall I tell the ſights I ſaw?
Hogarth alone cou'd dare to draw
The ſketch of ſuch a group!
The brown, the fair, the young, the old,
The prim, the free, the meek, the bold,
Compos'd a motley troop.

Yet DEVONSHIRE, with angel grace,
And Hebe's bluſh upon her face,
Advanc'd before the reſt;
En heriſſon her treſſes' roſe,
Of ſpotleſs white appear'd her clothes,
White as her lovely breaſt.

With her the beauteous Rutland came,
High in the regiſter of fame,
  Ador'd by all the gay;
She ſparkl'd like th' Heſperian ſtar,
Which glittering on Aurora's car,
  Precedes the dawn of day.

The Muſe can ne'er enumerate
The many fair, the many great,
  Whoſe ſmiles their envy cover,
Who whilſt they feign a friendly heart,
And try to act a ſocial part,
  Look daggers at each other.

How can ſhe tell the various clothes,
That Faſhion's votaries expoſe,
  To the aſtoniſh'd eye?
One lady wou'd appear Circaſſian —
Another ſeems of Poliſh nation,
  And ſome equipp'd to fly.

Theſe fair ones on their ſhoulders wear
Gauze *mont-au-ciels*, and others bear
  Gay baſkets on their heads;
The hair of one a fillet binds,
Or flowrets of a thouſand kinds
  Are intermix'd with beads.

One head is like a magpy's neſt,
Another is abſurdly dreſs'd
  In carrots, fruit, and hops,
Aſparagus and leeks are there
As natural as if the fair
  Stripp'd the green-grocer's ſhops.

Thoſe who to Faſhion's fane repair,
Preſent their various offerings there,
As ſuits their pockets beſt,
Falſe hair *en chignion*, fit for ſale,
The feathers of an oſtrich tail,
Or heron's imperial creſt.

Aprons that erſt had made a gown,
Gigantic beads juſt new in town,
And brought from Gaillard's room;
French trimmings in a hundred ſhapes,
Prodigious muffs, amazing capes,
Pink powder, and perfume;

Huge buckles, paramants, and lace,
Rouge and coſmetics for the face,
Frivolite and foils,
Cock'd hats of Lilliputian ſize,
Sattins and ſilks of various dyes,
Are faſhion's mingled ſpoils.

Variety and Whim are there
To place the ornaments with care,
As ſuits the preſent mode;
Stuff'd hoops, and rumps of cork, ſuſtain
The leſſer gifts on faſhion's fane,
And ſwell the motley load.

A thouſand bagatelles beſide
Extravagance has there ſupply'd,
To make the people ſtare;
Fans, opera-glaſſes, canes, and ſtrings,
Enamel'd toys and cypher rings,
With necklaces of hair.

(Meantime a millenery crew
With floating lappets were in view,
And hairdreſſers from France;
The FIGURANTS, with geſtures gay,
In dreſs and attitudes *outré*,
Form'd the fantaſtic dance;

Whilſt LIBERTY with flowing hair,
And all her lovely boſom bare,
Came from the mountain's brow,
And FANCY (of chæmelion kind,)
Light and inconſtant as the wind,
Was hatching whims below.

The number of ambitious BEAUX
Au fait in equipage and clothes,
How can the Muſe declare?
They ſhone like peacocks in the ſun,
(For all who aim to be the *tôn*,
In ſpangled coats appear.)

Attach'd to Love's enchanting fane,
Thoſe who had ſeldom ſu'd in vain,
Their grateful thanks renew'd;
With emblematic chains and darts,
With *billet doux*, and flaming hearts,
The altar ſoon was ſtrew'd.

But whilſt each happy pair expreſs'd
The joys of a contented breaſt,
Diſcordant ſounds were heard,
And in a mournful pomp of woe,
To cloſe the variegated ſhew,
A weeping train appear'd.

Theſe victims to the arts of Love,
With eyes that ſpeak dejection, move
Towards the gawdy ſhrine;
They willow boughs and nightſhade bear,
(Emblems of ſorrow and diſpair,)
And wreaths of cypreſs twine.

But breaking on their ſolemn woe,
Comes a fantaſtic gawdy ſhew
Of diſſipated laſſes,
Who carry miſchief in their eye,
Think riot is felicity,
And idolize their glaſſes.

To Love what cou'd they offer now?
They gave their offerings long ago,
Their characters and ſhame;
Their ſenſe of decency and pride,
Beneath the power of FASHION dy'd,
Tho' LOVE might bear the blame;

(For real love, if laws and ties
Condemn the flame, in ſecret ſighs,
And ſtrives to break his chain,
Whilſt faſhion gives the rein to vice,
Deems it inglorious to be nice,
Or cautious of a ſtain.)

The noiſe increas'd — the fair and gay
With laughter met the gentle May,
And try'd to court her ſmiles,
With wanton Bacchanalian ſongs,
With jocund ſteps, and flattering tongues,
(Which oft the heart beguiles.)

But riſing from her flowery throne,
MAY thus addreſs'd them with a frown
Of harſh contempt and pride:
" Ye wretched tribe! who dayly waſte
" The preſent, like the time that's paſt,
" Your mirth will ſoon ſubſide.

" Like the chamelion, fancy's eye
" Changes with ſwift variety,
" And governs human kind;
" Faſhion and love have both their day,
" They neither at your bidding ſtay,
" But leave regret behind.

" YOUR CHANGING time muſt alſo come—
" Ye cannot ever ſmile and bloom,
" Nor always laugh at fate;
" When ugly, old, and out of faſhion,
" Unprivileg'd to gain compaſſion,
" What then will be your ſtate?

" Where will be all your lovers' ſighs?
" The incenſe offer'd to your eyes,
" Which now is made your boaſt?
" Thoſe eyes will loſe their youthful fire!
" Your faithleſs lovers will retire!
" And all your power be loſt.

" Ye ſinful, and unthinking dames!
" Ye young, ye fair, of tarniſh'd fames,
" Henceforward pray remember
" Tho' now it is the ides of MAY,
" And all creation looks ſo gay,
" It ſoon will be DECEMBER."

A LONDON RECEIPT TO MAKE A

MODERN FINE LADY.

BANISH fair nature from this ſeat of *tôn*,
And let hypocriſy prevail alone:
To art direct your views, her laws receive,
The nobleſt ſtudy ſure, is to DECEIVE.
A father's * pen to this perſuades his ſon,
And modern children to this practice run;
This is alone Flirtilla's conſtant aim,
On this ſhe builds the fabric of her fame;
Obſerve her, blooming as a flower in May,
Firſt of the fair, and gayeſt of the gay,
A thouſand glories in her face are ſeen,
She ſmiles an Houri, and ſhe moves a Queen,
She ſparkles like the bright Heſperian ſtar,
And grace and beauty her attendants are.
But cou'd the doting eye purſue the maid,
And the receſſes of her heart invade,
Starting with horror we ſhou'd learn at home,
From whom ſhe borrows that vermilion bloom:
The ſame Flirtilla, whom we deem'd ſo fair,
Seen at her toilet, wou'd a hag appear:

* Lord Cheſterfield.

To Flamand's ſtays that ſlender waiſt ſhe owes,
And Bruckner's ſhoes contract her aching toes;
Her clothes are well contriv'd to hide a hump,
Her train is fix'd upon a large cork rump;
Cou'd you behold her with unpowder'd head,
You wou'd be apt to ſwear her hair was RED;
But powder and pomatum ſo deceive,
That was is RED, you paleſt BROWN believe.

Falſe curls and chinion ſhe from Gaillard buys,
And to her cheeks a foreign bloom applys,
Feathers and heels her want of height conceal,
And make her figure ſeem at leaſt genteel;
Falſe teeth, falſe ſmiles, falſe words, alike combine,
To cheat the world, and make this THING divine;
A modern Venus, who, if ſtript of dreſs,
Is age, deformity, and uglineſs.

THE PICTURE OF A

FINE GENTLEMAN.

SEE Florio in his *vis-à-vis* —
No comet ſhines more bright than he;
The ſpectacle attracts the eye,
And captive fair ones round him die;
Or if exalted in his ſeat,
On Phaëton he ſhakes the ſtreet,
Trembling with wonder, we behold
A MACARONI grown ſo bold;
He laſhes on his prancing ſteeds,
And looks diſdainful o'er our heads;
But ſhou'd he to the OPERA come,
Elate with pride in beauty's bloom,
There guard your hearts, ye tender miſſes!
For Florio there the ſex bewitches.

He comes in all the pomp of dreſs,
And lovely ſpight of haughtineſs;
A *broche* is on his jabot plac'd,
His finger with a diamond grac'd,

And to compleat the finiſh'd BEAU,
A giant buckle hides his ſhoe ;
A muff as vaſt as Ajax ſhield,
Behold this modern PARIS wield ;
A ſword is dangling at his ſide,
Of temper'd ſteel, but never try'd ;
A feather, white as Celia's breaſt,
Adorns his *chapeau bras* ; his veſt,
Enrich'd with ſpangles, foils, and lace,
Is deem'd the fineſt in the place.

A golden ſnuff box he diſplays,
Takes ſnuff, and talks in foreign phraſe ;
Looks at his watch, whoſe brilliant chain
A hundred trinkets does ſuſtain,
Games, ſwears, and acts the man of *tôn*,
By ſelf-importance only known ;
Makes love, and rhymes, *coquets*, and ſings,
Whilſt with his praiſe th' aſſembly rings.
But cou'd we follow Florio home,
And view him in his dreſſing room,
Without the aid of powerful art,
How wou'd the pretty miſſes ſtart,
To ſee him void of the diſguiſe,
Which faſhionable dreſs ſupplys!
Florio no longer cou'd be known
The gay Lothario of the town ;
But all your ſex wou'd ſpurn the creature,
Nor recollect a ſingle feature
Of him who, not an hour before,
Each was ambitious to adore.

On a Lady who choſe to obſtruct others in the door way of the Drawing Room at St. James's.

HARD, ſtrong, and ſtubborn as a rock,
Brown Bell maintains her place,
Bears ev'ry effort, ev'ry ſhock,
With an unalter'd face:

In vain we hope ſhe will be kind,
And grant admittance there,
We might as well expect to find
Politeneſs in a bear.

With noble obſtinacy fir'd,
She keeps her choſen poſt,
Whilſt with the dang'rous conflict tir'd,
We mourn our labour loſt.

With garments torn, and caps awry,
We ſtrive to gain acceſs;
In vain contend for victory,
At the expence of dreſs.

Still ſhe obſtructs and guards the door
For public uſe intended—
The golden fleece in days of yore
Thus bravely was defended.

'Tis ſafeſt ſurely to retreat,
If we wou'd keep a rag on!
For we ſhall ne'er a Jaſon meet,
Diſpos'd to charm THIS dragon.

On Mrs. ——— *forcing me to retreat on the ſame occaſion.*

FULVIA! impetuous, bold and wiſe,
Truſts not inferior charms;
But leſt we ſhou'd eſcape her eyes,
Attacks us with her arms.

Since ſhe *en femme* ſo fierce appears,
And can ſuch marks of valour give,
Clad like the Britiſh grenadiers,
What wonders wou'd ſhe not achieve!

She ſhews the practice of the field
At Court, upon a *nouvelle* plan,
When thus ſhe makes her hoop a ſhield,
And to a ſpear converts her fan.

Some by a ſmile ſubdue the ſwains!
Some vanquiſh by a ſingle frown!
Such common arts our nymph diſdains,
And therefore truſts to ſtrength alone.

Impromptu on the gallantry of a Colonel who cut the lace of a Lady's ſtays in the Drawing Room at St. James's, to recover her from a fainting fit.

'TWAS great, 'twas moving, to behold the ſight!
A lady fainting in a Colonel's arms!
Whilſt brandiſhing a knife that erſt was bright,
He cut her boddice — and expos'd her charms.

Thus gallant Perſeus to the combat flew,
The fair Andromeda from death to ſave,
Her cruel foe with matchleſs valour ſlew,
And to the naked beauty freedom gave.

On the ſame Subject.

FAIR Sachariſſa in a ſwoon,
A gen'rous ſoldier flew to ſuccour,
To ſave her breath, unpin'd her gown,
Cut down her ſtays, and rent her tucker.

Such haſte he made to give her eaſe,
His friendly thumb a wound receiv'd —
Ah! happy ſwain! whom fate decrees
To ſmart, while ſhe's from pain reliev'd.

Thus eager to aſſiſt the fair,
Knights errant were in days of yore;
They courted danger — laugh'd at fear,
And gloried in the ſcars they bore.

EPIGRAM ON TWO LADIES.

WHICH is the beſt to hit your taſte,
  Fat pork or ſcrag of mutton?
The laſt wou'd ſuit an invalid,
  The firſt wou'd gorge a glutton.

If fat and plenty is your aim,
  Let Phillis be your treat;
If leaner viands are your choice,
  You Pamela may eat.

On a SAILOR's WIFE.

WHEN Nelly heard her mate was dead,
For very grief ſhe kept her bed;
Two years had paſt ſince cruel fate
From huſband ſever'd Nell and Kate;
Two years they were decreed to mourn
Their dearies, to the Indies gone:
The ſhip returns with jolly Ben,
But Robin ne'er comes home again.

What can the hapleſs Nelly do?
She mourns him like a widow true,
For her deceas'd dear Robin grieving,
She envys Kate her huſband living;
Whilſt Kate, (who late was brought to bed,)
Envys poor Nell her huſband dead.

On the ſame Subject.

WHEN Nelly firſt heard that her love was no more,
She took to her bed, and began to deplore;
When Kitty was told that her huſband was come,
She got out of bed, and deſerted her home;
By their oppoſite conduct 'tis ſhrewdly believ'd,
Tho' different the cauſe, they are equally griev'd,
Kate envys poor Nelly whoſe huſband is dead,
And Nell wiſhes Kitty's had died in his ſtead.

On KATE and JANE.

THERE'S notable Kate
Is eager to prate,
Becauſe ſhe has teeth white and ſound;
Whene'er you accoſt her
She gapes like an oyſter,
Diſcloſing a cavern profound.

But poor Mrs. Jane
Is happy to feign
The ſilent, the grave, the auſtere;
Her care it becomes
To hide naked gums,
She therefore to laugh cannot bear.

Jane quarrels with Kitty for grinning ſo wide,
Kate ſays ſhe is ſtiff and affected;
One is prompt to diſcover, the other to hide,
But both by the men are neglected.

Prim Jenny this one great advantage can boaſt,
She never need alter her plan;
But Kate, when her gums their companions have loſt,
Will ſcrew up her mouth — if ſhe can.

THE nymph whom I ſing
Is a whimſical thing,
All airs and grimace,
All powder and lace ;
With paint and perfume,
She enters the room,
With languiſhing eyes
She ogles and ſighs,
Now ſimpers and chatters
Now whiſpers and flatters ;
'Tis her principal paſſion
To be in the faſhion ;
She ſimplicity ſcorns,
And her perſon adorns
With ev'ry exceſs
Of whimſical dreſs ;
Conceited and pert,
She dotes on a flirt,
And nonſenſe wou'd hear
From ſome profligate Peer,
Much rather than ſit
With a friend or a wit :
She ſooner wou'd try
With a Ducheſs to vye
In taſte and expence,
Than be famous for ſenſe.

Ridiculous ever,
And rational never,
When the multitude ſtare
At her dreſs and her air,

She thinks, ſilly creature!
We dote on each feature,
And while we ſurvey her,
Imagines we pay her
The praiſe that ſome fulſome old ſop has allow'd her.
Ah! let it be told her,
Ere many years older,
The wrinkles of age
A combat will wage
With jewels and feathers,
Pomatum and powder.

In vain will ſhe prattle,
Coquette, ſmile, and rattle,
Affecting the youthful and gay in December;
Her diamonds alone,
Will be known to the town,
Thoſe memento's will teach us her face to remember.

Verſes to a Lady, on her ſaying ſhe preferr'd Commonalty to an Iriſh Peerage.

May 20th, 1776.

THE clock ſtrikes five — the watchman goes
To take his portion of repoſe;
The morning dawns — the idle ſleep,
The pilf'ring tribe to cellars creep;
The beggar wanders from his ſhed,
The careful houſe-maid leaves her bed:
Bleſt Saturday again is come,
And citizens are free to roam.

Rich Mr. Bug! when Betty calls,
Prepares to leave his ſmoaky walls —
The barber enters with his wig,
A bob in ſhape, but full and big:
In haſte fair Madam Bug comes down,
With ruffles ſtarch'd, and ſattin gown,
As briſk and buſy as a bee,
Tho' full of fat and dignity;
Into a one-horſe chaiſe they pop,
And bid the foreman mind the ſhop;
Within the boot the porters cram
Some beef for roaſting, and a ham,

With divers ſavoury things beſide,
Which Ma'am was careful to provide.

The party amble thro' the ſtreets —
Bug nods to ev'ry friend he meets,
And then with conſequential leer
Looks great, and ſimpers on his dear;
While prating Jacky ſits between,
" As fine a child as e'er was ſeen."

Thus as they jog in pride elate,
Th' apprentice, envious of their ſtate,
Beholds the chaiſe with wiſhful eyes,
And at his maſter's fortune ſighs;
To riſe into the ſame condition
Is both his hope and his ambition,
The higheſt point at which he aims,
The ſole reward his labour claims.

Meantime, purſuing their career,
Bug paſſes by a wild young Peer,
Who with ſelf-conſequence elate,
Gloried in honours, wealth, and ſtate,
And from his phaeton look'd down
On Bug, with a ſarcaſtic frown;
Then thus bethought him: " Oh ambition!
" Thou art annex'd to each condition:
" See! how that fellow Bug aſpires
" To leave his ſhop, and vie with 'Squires!
" How different 'tis with him and me,
" His *forte* is caſh — mine dignity.
" When ſuch compariſons I draw,
" I'm happy in my own eclât;
" Nor wou'd I change my ſituation
" For any other in the nation, —

" Except an EARLDOM chanc'd to lay
" Unoccupy'd, and in my way."
He paſs'd — the cit with arch grimace
Began to ſneer, and laugh apace,
Then thus addreſs'd the female Bug,
(Beginning with a graceful ſhrug:)

" Behold that macaroni Lord!
" So gay in clothes — profuſe in board,
" His fine apparel marks the fool,
" And points him out for ridicule;
" Proud as a peacock he appears,
" Tho' to his tradeſmen he arrears;
" I know that his eſtate is dipp'd,
" His name diſgrac'd, his woodlands ſtripp'd,
" To dreſs that carcaſe, and ſupport
" An idle puppy of the court,
" A uſeleſs bawler in the houſe,
" Whoſe brains wou'd hardly ſerve a louſe.
" His pocket and his ſcull are brothers,
" They thrive by borrowing from others;
" I thank my ſtars, with heart ſincere,
" I was not born to be a PEER;
" Make ME an ALDERMAN, kind fate!
" And let theſe glory in their ſtate."

Thus thro' this life opinions go!
The word is, *chacun a ſon goût.*

Yet farther I wou'd wiſh to prove,
How much precedency we love,
How human nature, diſcontent
With what our deſtiny has ſent,
Aſpiring unto ſomething more,
Craves that, which is not in our power;

I wiſh to make fair Stella own
That ſhe is wrong, before I've done.

Obſerve how very few we ſee
Content with mediocrity!
What in idea they believe
The greateſt bliſs that heav'n can give,
When once attain'd, they oft deſpiſe,
And ſee its worth with different eyes.

Ambition fires the human ſoul,
"From the Atlantic to the Pole."
The labourer prays a farm to keep,
To threſh the corn and fatten ſheep;
The farmer rather envys Will,
Yclept the monarch of the mill,
Who, ſhelter'd from inclement weather,
Grinds corn, and ſacks the flour together;
But Will wou'd like to bake the flour,
And keep an oven at his door.

The cit admires the parſon's lot,
Who lives at eaſe within his cot,
Enjoying philoſophic pleaſure,
Leſs than good eating, and much leiſure.
The vicar ſighs to be a dean,
The dean expects a brighter ſcene,
A biſhoprick his merits crave,
For which he is the Premier's ſlave;
The barber longs to be a taylor,
The taylor envys Jack the ſailor,
The tar a ſoldier's life admires,
The ſoldier to withdraw deſires,

And pines to end his days in peace,
With milking cows, and feeding geeſe.
The Nabob wou'd a courtier be,
The ſtateſman wiſhes to be free;
And tho' ambition's ſyren tongue
Connects him with the buſy throng,
He ſighs to breathe the country air,
Remote from ſtrife and public care;
There in green ſhades and peaceful cells,
Forget the ſcenes where tumult dwells,
And with a joyful heart retreat
From all political deceit.

Women but ſeldom can forego
The hopes of conſequence and ſhew;
The farmer's girl with envious eye
Behold the lady's maid paſs by;
The maid to be a lady wiſhes;
The lady longs to wear the breeches:
The 'Squire is ever on the fret
Till he is made a Baronet —
Then his ambition is not ſated,
A VISCOUNT he wou'd be created:
An Iriſh Peerage he obtains,
But ſtill his diſcontent remains;
Hibernian honours he deſpiſes,
And ſoon to Engliſh EARLDOM riſes,
From whence he, with an eager look,
Aims at the title of a DUKE.

As thro' mankind ſuch pride will flow,
I to Ambition's ſhrine will go;
Why ſhou'd I differ from the herd
Who daily hope to be preferr'd?

Stella! thy ſentiments are high,
And proud of independency:
But tho' you have profeſs'd to ſcorn
Honours to which you was not born,
I own I wou'd not heſitate
To aim unto ſuperior ſtate,
Well pleas'd another ſtep to riſe,
Tho' YOU a CORONET deſpiſe.

Yet if dame Fortune does not lay
Her brilliant offers in my way,
I ſhall not at my fate repine
Whilſt mediocrity is mine,
But thank the power that made me bleſt
With eaſe and happineſs at leaſt;
Theſe then muſt my Supporters be,
My Coronet — TRANQUILLITY.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

A FABLE.

1776.

FROM cruel deeds, my ſons, abſtain,
Nor let compaſſion plead in vain.

A boy there was, who chanc'd to ſtray
Beſide a thick-ſet hedge in May,
Where watchful of her callow brood,
A ſweet muſician of the wood,
Affrighted, heard his ſtep invade
The ſilence of the leafy ſhade.
Soon as ſhe ſees th' intruder move,
The anxious parent ſprings above;
Her piercing cry betrays the neſt,
And ſpeaks the tumult in her breaſt.
The well-known ſignal tempts the boy
His active genius to employ;
With eager hand and ſmiling face
He takes the helpleſs gaping race.
The wretched mother ſees the deed,
Purſues, and flutters o'er his head;

Now flies aloof, now hovers near,
And warbles in the robber's ear:

" Oh heedleſs of another's pain!
" Say muſt a parent ſue in vain?
" A feeble bird by grief oppreſt,
" Whoſe wealth was centred in her neſt.
" We LINNETS can lament our kind,
" Like men of more capacious mind;
" But deeds that cauſe another's woe,
" Our gentle race diſdain to do.

" How had thy tender mother griev'd!
" Of thee, her blooming ſon, bereav'd:
" A grief as ſtrong as her's might be,
" Is certain to a wretch like me.
" Not one poor bird remains of four—
" How will my faithful mate deplore!
" For us, the farmer's gun he dares,
" For us, the ſtolen grain prepares,
" For us, he ſeeks the diſtant wood,
" Collecting various ſeeds for food.
" Too ſoon, too ſoon, will he return,
" Perceive his poverty—and mourn;
" No chirping birds will riſe to meet
" Their ſire, and bleſs the lone retreat;
" Nor yet ſhall I to hail him ſpring—
" But ſilent hang my drooping wing.

" Oh! cou'dſt thou with an heart humane
" Reſtore my harmleſs young again,
" Wou'd not thy breaſt with joy dilate,
" To make ſo many fortunate?
" To be the author of our bliſs?
" The witneſs of our happineſs!

" And wou'd not our rewarding prayers
" Breathe ſweeter muſic to your ears,
" Than infants' ſcreams, and parents' cries,
" Expreſſive of our agonies?

" Oh man! ſhalt thou, whom art endu'd
" Above the beaſts that range the wood,
" With coward tyranny oppreſs
" Thoſe beings who have no redreſs!
" However weak, however ſmall,
" We feel in common with you all;
" The man, the dog, the bird, the fly,
" Alike can ſuffer, mourn, and die.

" I ſee my mate aloft in air,
" He comes my miſeries to ſhare:
" On THEE our deſtiny depends,
" Thou worſt of foes! or beſt of friends!
" Let ſympathy thy boſom fill —
" It is no pleaſure ſure — to kill!"

The Urchin hears — a while he ſtands,
The downy plunder in his hands,
But feels himſelf to MERCY yield,
Reſtores the birds, and leaves the field;
While the bleſt pair in choral lay,
The virtues of his heart diſplay.

THE FIELD MOUSE.

A FABLE.

A Mouſe, the ſleekeſt of the train
That ever ſtole the farmer's grain,
Grew tir'd of acorns, wheat, and peaſe,
And long'd to feed on ſavoury cheeſe.
A travell'd ſir, a mouſe of ſpirit,
Endow'd with wit, but little merit,
In evil hour a viſit paid,
And turn'd his inexperienc'd head
With ſtories of I know not what!
The comforts of the ſhepherd's cot,
The plenty of the farmer's barn,
And granaries replete with corn;
But moſt the luxury and waſte
Of houſes own'd by men of taſte,
Where a man-cook conſumes the meat,
Yet leaves enough for MICE to eat,
And in whoſe pantry, cheeſe and ham
Invite a colony to cram.

The longing mouſe the ſtory hears,
He feels alternate hopes and fears,

His friend's advice he dares purſue,
And bids his rural friends adieu.

When night her ſable curtain ſpread,
And all was ſilent as the dead,
Our hero crept along the way
His friend had pointed out by day,
And entering at the cellar door,
Aſcended to the pantry floor.
Behind a table there he lies,
And thinks himſelf ſecure and wiſe:
At morn a plenteous ſcene appears,
Enough to ſerve him many years;
(The reliques of a ſumptuous dinner
Are tempting to a young beginner;)
He peeps, and thinks he may come out
To taſte a bit, and look about;
No foe appears, and bolder grown,
He ſwears the treaſure is his own;
Then ſallying forth in open day,
Eats all that comes into his way.

But ſoon the greaſy COOK is ſeen—
The mouſe looks pitiful and mean;
Scouts from the dreſſer in a fright,
Yet does not 'ſcape his watchful ſight.
The gnaw'd remains of viands rare
Are taken from the ſhelf with care,
And in their place a TRAP is ſet,
To make the thief repay the debt.

The mouſe at evening dares to peep,
And thinks his foe is faſt aſleep,

The ſavoury cheeſe his fancy draws
Within the TRAP's unfeeling jaws,
He finds too late his error there,
And dies upon the fatal ſnare:
(A martyr unto bad advice;
A leſſon to imprudent mice
Who, diſcontented with their home,
To gayer ſcenes deſire to roam.)

THE LARKS.

LET not thy youthful mind pretend
To diſobey a faithful friend,
Nor raſhly in purſuits engage
Till counſell'd by experienc'd age.

A lark, who had not prun'd her wing,
And feebly tun'd her voice to ſing,
Among the corn was wont to lie,
Beneath her parents' watchful eye,
There waited for th' accuſtom'd food
Which their indulgent care beſtow'd,
There chirp'd and hopp'd, all blythe and gay,
And liſten'd to her parents' lay.

At length, grown weary of a life
Remote from buſtle, noiſe, and ſtrife,
For liberty her boſom burns,
And for variety ſhe mourns;
Her mother ſaw the change with fear,
And thus ſhe warns her darling care:

" Oh unexperienc'd child! attend
" To the inſtructions of a friend;

" Secure from danger, by my ſide
" Enjoy the peace the groves provide,
" Tempt not too ſoon precarious fate,
" And hear the truths which I relate.

" When ſoaring in the middle ſky
" We float above the human eye,
" Whilſt we exert our little throats,
" And gaily thrill our matin notes,
" Some ſavage bird obſerves from far,
" And meditates unequal war.

" If in an humble buſh conceal'd,
" Or ſeated in the ſtubble field,
" Perchance the ſportman's dog appears,
" And fills us with a thouſand fears;
" Sudden we from our ambuſh fly,
" But lo! the leaden death is nigh,
" Some wicked ſtripling aims his gun,
" Deſtroys a lark, and calls it FUN.

" Sometimes, allur'd into a net,
" Which for the birds of game is ſet,
" We, with poor partridges confin'd,
" Are made the victims of mankind,
" Doom'd to be roaſted on a ſpit —
" Each lark a mouthful for a cit.

" Be warn'd, my child! whilſt yet there's time,
" Nor haſte to periſh in thy prime;
" With caution venture forth to ſing —
" Soar not on too preſumptuous wing,
" Nor far above the corn appear,
" Leſt hoſtile enemies are near.

" Still more I muſt deſire — with ME
" You find your own ſecurity,
" My care and caution is your guard,
" Your gratitude my ſole reward;
" Be then content with me to live,
" And ſhare thoſe bleſſings I receive.

" One hour to-day I muſt be gone;
" But tho' I leave my bird alone,
" I truſt ſhe patient will remain,
" And feed upon the golden grain."

The mother ſpake — and flew away;
The young one, ſilly, raſh, and gay,
Thinks this the time to try her wing,
And tune her vocal pipe to ſing.
At firſt, ſhe warbled on the ground,
Then riſing, caſt her eyes around;
To gain a buſh is all her pride,
But there ſhe is not ſatisfy'd;
Her pinions feel ſo light and ſtrong,
She cannot be inactive long:
A hawthorn tree is in her ſight,
Whoſe thick and ſpreading boughs invite;
She gains the tree, and thence beholds
The ſcenes that nature's hand unfolds;
Beauties ſhe never ſaw before
Charm her each moment, more and more;
The flow'ry mead, the ſhady vale,
The yellow field, the verdant dale,
The fertile paſtures fill'd with herds,
The groves inhabited by birds,
Attract her notice — in ſurprize
She views the ſplendour of the ſkies,

Obſerves the many birds that dare
To warble — riſing in the air ;
And envying ev'ry one that ſings,
Longs to make trial of her wings.
Ambition all her boſom fires ;
To imitation ſhe aſpires ;
Reſtraint and prudence are no more
Her ſafeguards in this tempting hour ;
All fear and caution ſhe deſpiſes,
Forſakes the tree, and warbling riſes.
When lo ! a kite with hoſtile eyes
Beholds the lark, and downward flies ;
Unſeen he comes on rapid wings
To ſeize the flutterer while ſhe ſings.
In vain the ſhrieking bird laments
Her deſtiny — in vain repents
Her diſobedience to the prayer
Occaſion'd by maternal care ;
The tyrant gripes his trembling prize,
And the ill-fated victim dies.

A RIDDLE.

ONE morn in July, as I wander'd from home,
To an elegant beauty I happen'd to come;
No modern fine lady I ever have ſeen,
Cou'd boaſt fairer ſkin, or more delicate mien.
Tho' ſimple and plain, yet how lovely her dreſs!
Beyond gold and ſilver to me I confeſs.
Some tears had beſprinkled her innocent face,
Which gave her, I thought, an additional grace.
Her birth ſhe deriv'd from a MOTHER ſo old,
She liv'd before Adam was born, I am told.
The nurſe* who has rear'd her, and watch'd o'er her youth,
Is the author of plenty, and parent of truth.

This beauty of two active lovers † can boaſt—
But alas! all the kindneſs ſhe bears them, is loſt.
Though they often for her may diſcover a paſſion,
Like moſt modern men, they are ſway'd by the faſhion;
To ev'ry new object with ardor they rove,
And to each pretty face make profeſſions of love.

But time will ſoon ſpoil all the charms of my fair—
She will quickly decay,—nay, and die too, I fear:
Yet children ſhe'll leave when ſhe falls in her tomb,
Who in proceſs of time like their parent will bloom.

* Nature. † Bee and Butterfly.

RIDDLE II.

'TIS true I'm delicately white,
And often ſhine extremely bright,
But ſometimes black at heart appear,
Tho' outwardly ſo ſmooth and fair.
As tow'rds the verge of life I ſteal,
My own infirmity I feel;
Now ſputter with an old man's ſpleen,
Now ſhine with countenance ſerene.
My white apparel ſcanty grows,
I live to mourn the loſs of clothes;
And tho' to others I have been
As true a friend as e'er was ſeen,
Of equal uſe to high and low,
They let me unrewarded go.
Whilſt in their ſervices I waſte,
And tow'rds my diſſolution haſte,
Some violent, ungrateful creature,
(Some ſelfiſh man of ſavage nature,)
With cruel ſpeed brings on my death,
And blaſts me with his haſty breath.
Wind is the foe I moſtly dread,
He aims deſtruction at my head.
I never laugh, I often weep,
My life is ſhort, my price is cheap:

To feaſts and balls I always go,
And help to conſtitute the ſhew;
In Romiſh chapels I delight,
And ſhine amid the ſhades of night;
The gem from ME new ſtrength acquires,
And ſparkles with fictitious fires;
Philoſophers my value own;
I grace the hamlet, and the throne.
To correſpondents uſeful am,
And to the friends of Pope and Pam.
I own my reign is quickly paſt,
But I am uſeful to the laſt:
I'm neither giddy, drunk, nor lame;
Yet I confeſs, with grief and ſhame,
I always for ſupport depend
Upon ſome ſtrong, ſubſtantial friend:
If he withdraws his kind aſſiſtance,
I loſe my balance and exiſtence;
By which my fate is truly ſhocking,
For by the fall I'm ſpoilt, and broken.

RIDDLE III.

COME to my ſhrine, ye wanton beaux!
Rich in cravats, cockades, and clothes;
Come to my ſhrine, ye pretty laſſes!
Who love me as ye love your glaſſes.
Since the terreſtrial globe was made
My potent power has been diſplay'd;
Your parent Adam bow'd to me,
And Nature own'd my ſov'reignty. —
Of fiery particles compos'd,
To frequent changes I'm expos'd;
Whoe'er poſſeſſes me, will find
A plague or balſam for the mind.
With different aſpect I appear,
To ſome bring hope, to others fear.
The grave Clorinda, warm'd by me,
Shews ſymptoms of vivacity;
And Doris, once to laughter prone,
By knowing me, is penſive grown.
Bright Ariana's thoughts I rule;
I make Sylvander quite a fool;
At my command Amintor ſighs,
My power inſpires Corinna's eyes;
At Chloe's pillow I attend,
And Amoroſo's dreams befriend:

I baffle the phyſician's art,
I triumph o'er the human heart ;
With wings diſplay'd tho' ſometimes found,
In ſilken chains I'm often bound :
I now and then a frown create,
And beauty's lip can ſtamp my fate.
I frequently excite a tear —
I oft in ſilence meet deſpair.
Sometimes I raiſe the laugh and jeſt,
And often pain the tender breaſt ;
None can eſcape my ſubtle ſnares,
None can eſcape my hopes and fears ;
The heads which majeſty has crown'd,
My power and conſequence have own'd ;
I govern both the grave and gay,
For all mankind my voice obey.

RIDDLE IV.

I Thro' the woods my paſſage make,
And lightly o'er the rivers go,
Bid Celia's robe new foldings take,
And from my wings diſorder ſhake,
On ſome be-powder'd, empty beau.

The milk-maid oft, at early day,
I meet upon the mountain's brow,
I revel in the new-made hay,
And oft thro' glens untrodden ſtray,
Where roſes wild and violets grow.

Unſeen I paſs to yonder ſhade,
Where Damon ſwears no more to rove,
And while the fond believing maid
Thinks that his paſſion ne'er can fade,
I catch whatever he has ſaid,
And bear away the vows of love.

KEY TO THE RIDDLES.

I. A Lilly.
II. A Candle.
III. Love.
IV. Zephyr.

To her Grace GEORGIANA *Ducheſs of* DEVONSHIRE.

Written in Paſſion Week, 1779.

SINCE ancient cuſtom for a week ſuſpends
The public revelry of pleaſure's friends,
Since half the multitude deſert the town,
Where mirth and tumult is a while unknown;
An humble Muſe, unprivileg'd by fame
To grace her verſes with thy noble name,
Attempts to profit by the preſent hour,
And breathe her wiſhes at Georgiana's door;
Where leiſure may perhaps diſpoſe the fair
To read, and to accept my lay ſincere.

Yet what have I to wiſh, fair nymph! for thee,
Whom heaven has form'd to taſte felicity?
What can the bounteous fates afford thee more,
For whom kind Fortune hath unlock'd her ſtore!
Nature has made thee her peculiar care,
Compleatly good, and exquiſitely fair,
Thy face in ſunſhine is for ever dreſs'd,
It beams reflected from thy virtuous breaſt,
Where gay good-humour dwells with gentleneſs,
And gives the power to pleaſe, the will to bleſs.
What can I wiſh thee, Devonſhire! beſide?
What more can heaven for thy content provide?

Grandeur and beauty, health and youth, are thine;
Fortune and pleaſure for thy bliſs combine,
And thou art favor'd by the tuneful nine;
Nor more enobled by illuſtrious birth,
Than by the ſplendour of intrinſic worth;
The virtues of thy mind the GOOD revere —
The BAD behold thee like an heavenly ſtar,
That ſhines above the reach of mortal ſenſe,
Inſpiring awe, by its pre-eminence;
Thouſands are vanquiſh'd by a ſmile from thee,
And thouſands bleſs thy liberality.

When graceful in the mazy dance you move,
The women envy, and the men approve;
Sure by THEIR eyes Georgiana muſt have known
The charms, the power, the triumphs of her own.
Yet while enamour'd of her charms they gaze,
She neither courts, nor yet diſdains their praiſe;
No ſupercilious airs in her are ſeen —
The frown of pride and inſolence of mien,
To her unknown, are us'd by nymphs leſs fair —
Her's are the placid ſmiles, the jocund air
That nature, innocence, and youth impart,
To ſpeak the feelings of a gen'rous heart.
Her affability delights the throng,
She charms the old, while ſhe improves the young;
And ſlander in her conduct ſeeks in vain
To find one error, or to fix one ſtain.

What can I wiſh but that a fame ſo pure
May ever in meridian ſtate endure;
That in a profligate and thoughtleſs age
Reaſon and honour may her mind engage;

That o'er her actions prudence may preſide,
And SPENCER's virtue be Georgiana's guide.

But when the hour, the fatal hour, ſhall come,
To veil thoſe beauties in the ſilent tomb,
Of HER fair form may ſhe a copy leave,
For whom their garlands future bards will weave.
Lovely in perſon, and in conduct wiſe,
With all her mother's ſmiles, and radiant eyes,
With equal honour, genius, ſenſe endu'd,
And with leſs pride of being great, than good;
That ſo OUR CHILDREN may delighted ſee
What now, GEORGIANA! we behold in THEE.

To Miss COXE,

On her Marriage to Sir Francis Basset, *Bart.*

May 13th, 1780.

WHEN modeſt beauty in the face is ſeen,
When grace and chaſtity adorn the mien,
When ſenſe and prudence o'er the conduct reigns,
And virtue in the breaſt her power maintains,
The Muſe muſt wiſh the lovely nymph to ſhare
A fate as happy, as her form is fair.

This tribute therefore ſhall to THEE be paid,
In whom thoſe merits are ſo well diſplay'd;
To whom ſo many artleſs charms belong,
Which claim the painter's ſkill, and poet's ſong;
Tho' neither can ſufficiently expreſs
Thy beauty, virtue, truth, and tenderneſs.

Soon will the time arrive, decreed by fate,
To bind thy vows to the connubial ſtate;
The Muſe in friendſhip's form expects the hour,
And therefore ſpeeds her wiſhes to thy door.

For THEE, fair maid! may Hymen's bondage prove
The means of happineſs, the tie of love;
May all thy wiſhes with content be crown'd,
The LOVER ſtill be in the HUSBAND found;
Serene and joyful be thy future days —
Long may'ſt thou live, the ſubject of our praiſe,
Of Fortune's gifts, and Cupid's ſmiles poſſeſs'd,
With everlaſting ſunſhine in thy breaſt;
Rich in content, by all the wiſe approv'd,
And by the votaries of virtue lov'd.

On the RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL TALBOT.

1781.

WHEN, noble Talbot! we behold in thee
True greatneſs join'd with affability,
The kindeſt manners undefil'd by art,
The cleareſt head, and the moſt perfect heart,
That gracious liberality of mind
Which reaches to the meaneſt of mankind,
That ſteady genius, that expreſſion ſtrong,
Which marks the virtuous leſſons of thy tongue,
That firm integrity, that conduct wiſe,
That honeſty which loathes all mean diſguiſe,
We gaze delighted on a life ſo rare,
A mind ſo virtuous, amiable, ſincere.

If we regard thee as the tender Sire,
Still more thy gentle manners we admire;
We honour thy affectionate addreſs,
Thy placid temper, eaſe, and chearfulneſs:
If as a FRIEND, we ſee thee faithful, juſt,
If as a ſubject, ſteady to thy truſt;
Thy heart with ſenſibility is bleſt,
And honour rules the helm in Talbot's breaſt:
A thouſand bleſſings on his ſteps attend,
The poor man's patron! and the good man's friend!
A thouſand grateful hearts revere his name,
A thouſand tongues his generous deeds proclaim;
What more remaineth for the Muſe to tell,
But that his character is *ſans pareil.*

To SEMIRA.

GO, gentle gales! to fair Semira's ear
The genuine language of my heart declare;
Tell her that none among her num'rous friends
With more ſincerity her worth commends,
Approves her charms, diſtinguiſhes her ſenſe,
Eſteems her virtue, truth, and innocence,
Applauds her conduct, (where th' envenom'd dart
Of ſlander finds no vulnerable part,)
Or more admires her converſe fraught with eaſe,
Her artleſs manners, and her wiſh to pleaſe.
Wit and good-ſenſe direct Semira's tongue—
She charms, whilſt ſhe improves the giddy throng;
And negligent of conqueſt, triumphs more
Than thoſe who ſtudy to increaſe their power,
Whoſe charms derive their origin from art,
Amuſe the eye, but ſeldom touch the heart.

Tho' many have perform'd a victor's part,
Few have like you, Semira! learn'd the art
To win the judgement, and delight the heart;
None better can unite true dignity
With gentleneſs and affability.
In ev'ry character of life you ſhine,
And add more honour to a noble line;

Your Henry's choice the world muſt ſure approve,
A choice directed by eſteem and love.

Superior far to inſolence and pride,
Sweet condeſcenſion is your fav'rite guide,
That winning charm ſo ſingular! ſo new!
So little practis'd! is poſſeſt by YOU;
It gives to all your words perſuaſive grace,
Adorns your actions, and inſpires your face;
Makes you to deeds beneficent inclin'd,
And reigns ſecurely in your gentle mind,
Where, to accord with an engaging form,
Nature has planted ev'ry mental charm,
And mild good-humour like the ſolar ray
Beams from your heart, and makes you always gay.

On his Grace RICHARD ROBINSON, *Baron Rookby, Lord Primate of Ireland, Archbiſhop of Armagh, &c. &c.*

OH great of ſoul! benevolent of mind!
Form'd to aſſiſt, and to improve mankind,
To make the univerſal world thy care,
And teach us what celeſtial beings are;
Thou miniſter of grace! to whom kind heav'n
The delegated power to bleſs has giv'n,
Whoſe heart philanthropic with virtue glows,
Whoſe bounteous hand true charity beſtows,
Deign to accept my lay: — and tho' thy praiſe
Hiſtorians ſhall record, and poets raiſe
Far brighter trophies to thy glorious name,
Yet may my tribute not degrade thy fame.
Tho' others in ſublimer numbers ſing,
And give new muſic to the lyric ſtring;
Not one bright Muſe among the ſiſter Nine,
Can boaſt of more SINCERITY than mine.

Let this my humble offering recommend,
And to my verſe a borrow'd luſtre lend.

TO THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

1778.

IF ſportive fancy (in her gayeſt dreſs,)
Superior ſkill, and genuine tenderneſs,
If manners, blending dignity with eaſe,
Wit to ſurprize, and courteſy to pleaſe,
If theſe had power perpetual health to gain,
The ſon of Themis wou'd no more complain;
Yet by the trial, which his friends deplore,
Fame to his merit gives one trophy more,
Proves that his temper ſhines with equal ray,
Patient in ſickneſs, in retirement gay.
He, who ſo late in crowded courts was ſeen,
With ſenſe unerring, and with judgement keen,
Now to a few, (a choſen few) confin'd,
Unfolds the dictates of his active mind,
His fancy ſtill the ſhafts of wit can ſteer,
Not to moleſt the heart, but pleaſe the ear.
His memory too, the treaſury from whence
We draw politeneſs, learning, truth, and ſenſe,
Still to the attic feaſt by reaſon made,
Gives ſtrength to argue, ſcience to perſuade;
No frown ſevere, no particle of ſpleen,
Marks the clear current of a life ſerene,

A life, which all the good and wiſe revere,
Extoll'd by fame, and to the Muſes dear.

For him this wiſh inſpires my votive ſong,
May the indulgent fates his years prolong!
Still may he live the injur'd to redreſs,
The ſad to comfort, and the poor to bleſs.
May neither pain nor ſorrow mark THIS day*,
May ev'ry hour be fortunate and gay,
To him in lib'ral meaſure may it bring
Gifts that from roſy-lipp'd Hygeia ſpring;
Divine compoſure, whoſe unruffl'd brow
The frown of diſcontent can never know;
Bright chearfulneſs in placid ſmiles array'd,
Who loathes the mournful, ſolitary ſhade;
Strength, which the hand of temperance beſtows,
With days of joy, and nights of calm repoſe.

* The Anniverſary of Lord Mansfield's Birth-day.

To RICHARD BULL, Esq.

(With an original letter written to the DUKE *of* ORMOND *by* KING CHARLES I. *when he was at Newport in the Iſle of Wight.)*

LET not your heart with fond emotions beat!
Let not your eyes expect ſuch lines to meet
As Sappho penn'd, to ſuit her amorous lyre,
Attun'd to love, and warm'd with Leſbian fire.

This ſcroll was written with a raven's plume,
Blacken'd by woe, and Royal Charles's doom,
And wafted from that gay luxuriant Iſle
Where Nature charms, and where the Graces ſmile,
(Where taſte and genius annually repair,
YOUR thoughts to guide, and your purſuits to ſhare.)

Deign, my dear Sir! the relique to receive —
To murder'd Royalty compaſſion give;
The faults of my untutor'd pen excuſe,
And let the SUBJECT recommend the MUSE.

To MIRANDA.

YOU aſk, Miranda! to peruſe
The poor productions of my Muſe,
And ſay they merit fame;
That Muſe, (your partial tongue commends,)
To your ſuperior genius bends,
And thus her homage pays.

The brilliant thought, the gay deſign,
The power by various means to ſhine,
Theſe all to you belong;
Your mimic pencil well can trace
The glowing ſcene, the faultleſs face,
And tuneful is your ſong.

By Nature taught, by Genius warm'd,
By ſcience favor'd and inform'd,
Each happy art is thine;
To chance, or whim, I owe ſucceſs,
ONE only talent I poſſeſs,
ONE only boaſt is mine.

Nor is that boaſt to me confin'd—
A common honeſty of mind,
For ever wears the ſame,
In ev'ry guileleſs breaſt it glows,
To truth its origin it owes,
SINCERITY by name.

To CELIA.

SAY! thou dear rambler! who art flown
" To Goths unknowing, and unknown,"
Say! has your fancy ever ſtray'd
Beyond the verge of Rufus' ſhade?
Have any traces fill'd your mind
Of friends, ſo lately left behind?
And when you rove o'er hills and dells,
Do you reflect on Tunbridge Wells?

Tho' Netley Abbey rears its head
Amidſt the thick embow'ring ſhade,
Whilſt the encircling ivy weaves
Round ev'ry arch her verdant leaves;
No Monk like pious FORSTER there,
(Whoſe voice adds harmony to prayer,)
Moves thro' the aiſle's monaſtic gloom,
Where only weeds and nightſhade bloom.
No letter'd ſage like MANSFIELD ſtrays,
Whilſt ſcience liſts to what he ſays,
No reverend druid of the groves
Like LEEDS, in gentle grandeur moves,

No pilgrim there is ſeen to kneel,
Nor holy knight array'd in ſteel.

Within the foreſt's ſpacious round,
Nor gnomes, nor ſylphs, nor fays are found;
There only larks and linnets ſing,
And pheaſants ſtretch their pencil'd wing;
While am'rous doves are heard to coo,
And blackbirds ſip the morning dew.
No hamadryads court the breeze,
Nor whiſper to their kindred trees,
Nor does one gay Vertumnes there
Play gambols to divert the fair.

But here, my Muſe, reſtrain thy ſong,
Which ſounds too rude, and ſeems too long;
Some by thoſe ſcenes may be amus'd
Which I have ſaucily abus'd,
Only becauſe my wiſh ſincere
Was ſtill to keep fair Delia here.

No more the gentle ſmile we ſee
Which ſpoke a heart from malice free,
Eyes that expreſs the feeling mind,
An active ſoul, a temper kind,
Soft beauty which with ſenſe unites,
And wit that dazzles and delights.

As from the trees that grace the walks,
(Where Thyrſis bows and Milo ſtalks,)
The leaves forſake the pendant twigs,
And drop on redincotes and wigs,
So do the fair, the wiſe, the gay,
From the deſerted pantiles ſtray:

Whilſt memory, that officious power,
Who loves paſt pleaſures to reſtore,
Bids my dejected Muſe compare
The joyleſs walks with what they were,
When ev'ry little leaf was green,
And ſweet amuſement fill'd the ſcene;
When mirth and joy inſpir'd my ſong,
And Celia ſhone among the throng.

To Mrs. L*****.

On her making me a preſent of Mr. Pope's *Portrait.*

AWAKE, my Muſe! and ſtrike the lyric ſtring,
Awake, my Muſe! of gratitude to ſing,
To yonder hoſpitable grove repair,
And breathe this meſſage to Levina's ear.

Tell her my beſt acknowledgements are due,
When Pope's reſemblance meets my partial view;
A gift like this, by ſuch a friend beſtow'd,
Muſt ſurely make me feel both pleas'd and proud;
Pleas'd, ſuch an obligation to receive
From HER, whoſe darling paſſion is to GIVE,
And proud the portrait of that bard to boaſt,
Whom, of all poets, I admire the moſt.

Ah! cou'd my pen expreſs my thoughts as well —
Cou'd I, like Pope, in dulcet ſtrains excel,
With magic ſweetneſs I wou'd tune my lays,
And fill the woodlands with Levina's praiſe.
But ſince to me no eloquence belongs,
No bright ideas, no harmonious ſongs,
The title of a plain, well-meaning FRIEND,
My poor imperfect lines muſt recommend;
Allow them by the favour of that NAME
To gain a paſſport to the banks of Thame,
And tell you that the gift you kindly make,
Is DOUBLY valued for LEVINA'S ſake.

To ELIZA.

A Dialogue between INCLINATION *and* PRUDENCE.

INCLINATION.

IMMORTAL love! to thee I bow,
To thee I dedicate my vow;
I ſpurn whatever wealth can give,
And ſwear with THEE ALONE to live.

PRUDENCE.

What ſtrange romantic whim is this?
Fraught with fantaſtic dreams of bliſs!
Conſider well before you chuſe,
Nor haſtily thoſe gifts refuſe
Which liberal FORTUNE can beſtow,
(From whom eſſential bleſſings flow.)

INCLINATION.

Your cold unfeeling heart can pauſe,
Tho' Nature's voice aſſerts her cauſe;
With worldly thoughts, and ſelfiſh eye,
You charms in fertile acres ſpy,
And think your freedom wiſely ſold
For magazines of venal gold.

Wealth, pleaſure, grandeur, and parade,
Have power your fancy to perſuade,
And titled ſounds more charming prove,
Than all the eloquence of love.
For me — I ſcorn the gilded bait,
The dull magnificence of ſtate,
The ſweets that luxuries afford,
The joys by trivial minds ador'd:

Gay coronets that cover care,
And pomps that make the vulgar ſtare,
Proud porticos, capacious rooms,
Expenſive robes, and waving plumes,
Gay equipage, and all the train
Of pleaſures that amuſe the vain,
Have no allurements for a mind,
To love, and humbler views inclin'd.
If in a ſcale thoſe treaſures lay
Which bounteous fortune can diſplay,
Wealth, grandeur, dignity — (and all
The world may gay or ſplendid call;
And in the other ſcale was weigh'd
A heart, for love and honour made;
That dear, ineſtimable bait,
Wou'd in my choice preponderate,
Since neither gems nor gold can vie
With hearts they have not power to buy.
Yes! in ſome cot or humble cell,
I'd chuſe with HIM I love, to dwell,
Rather than join th' inſipid throng,
Who to INDIFFERENCE belong:
Let theſe their golden ſchemes improve,
I only aſk content and love.

PRUDENCE.

The perſpective is gay, my dear!
But alters on approaching near;
'Tis mighty pleaſant thus to frame
Your viſionary bliſs — the ſhame
Which wou'd from poverty enſue,
Is hid from your deluded view.
The roſes only NOW appear,
But thorns will mark the cloſing year.
Raſh being! think beyond to-day —
Nor fancy ev'ry month is May;
Perhaps, by thoughtleſs paſſion led,
Some quarter'd CAPTAIN you may wed,
A profligate, ferocious fellow,
As brave and brutal as Othello,
Whoſe paultry pay can ſcarce produce
Enough for regimental uſe;
Or if your fancy is not ſet
On ſcarlet coat and epaulet,
Suppoſe you chuſe a graver line,
And fall in love with A DIVINE!

Methinks I ſee you leave the town,
Dreſs'd in a decent PURPLE gown,
(For purple parſons' wives admire,
Whoſe hopes to biſhoprics aſpire;)
The parſonage by yew trees bounded,
And with infernal roads ſurrounded,
Appears in ſight — your reverend mate
There ſees the whole of his eſtate,
And with his ſermons and his wife,
Prepares to be a drone for life:
If the dear man, the pious prieſt,
Shou'd ever be inclin'd to feaſt,

Methinks I ſee you at your eaſe,
Gravely employ'd in ſhelling peaſe,
In ſtuffing turkies, making pies,
And dreſſing pigeons in diſguiſe:

Forth at the early morn you go,
And ſee the palid primroſe blow;
At firſt the novelty agrees
With rural thoughts — and pendant trees,
Meand'ring ſtreams, enamell'd fields,
And bowers romantic pleaſure yields,
Whilſt love with his enchanted wings,
O'er ALL, fictitious beauty flings,
The ruſtic parſonage improves
And brightens the ſurrounding groves,
Gives to the flowers a richer hue,
And luſtre to the early dew.

But when bleak winter ſhews his face,
And love moves on with SLOWER pace,
When wither'd leaves are ſcatter'd round,
And vapours hover o'er the ground,
When whiſtling winds are heard to paſs
Along the church-yard's fading graſs,
How chang'd the ſcene! — perhaps your mate
Glad to diverſify his ſtate,
Now o'er the hills and vallies bounds,
Attracted by his neighbour's hounds,
Comes home as dirty as a BEAR,
And dozes in an elbow chair;
Whilſt you by houſehold cares annoy'd,
Are in domeſtic deeds employ'd,
And making every preparation
Againſt the Chriſtmaſs celebration!

Or grant he is a man of parts,
A genius, gay and grave by ſtarts;
A huſband ſo replete with ſpirit,
Altho' he has intrinſic merit,
Will ſoon be tir'd of one alone,
And long to ſeek the motley town.
Lo! he is govern'd by caprice,
Tho' bleſt with quiet, health, and peace;
His mirth, his pleaſantry is gone,
And ſober ſadneſs rules alone;
Griev'd at the change, you hourly teaze him,
Till you have loſt the power to pleaſe him.
You ſilent work — he ſilent reads,
Till rage to ſullenneſs ſucceeds,
And with ſome words of ſharp ill-nature,
You make him anſwer you with ſatire.
Then LOVE no more in ſmiles appears,
And Hymen ſheds repentant tears;
Tir'd of the ſcene, your huſband roves
Far from the deſolated groves;
By what he ſees he learns to hate
The comforts of the nuptial ſtate,
Dreads what his future lot may prove,
When pledges of imprudent love,
Like olive branches, round his table,
Shall eat as long as they are able;
And cou'd he looſe the knot, 'tis plain
He'd be a bachelor again.
The dream of happineſs ſubſides;
His living ſcantily provides
The means to ſhine as he has done,
When all his care was NUMBER ONE;
And matrimonial troubles prove
That INDIGENCE can conquer LOVE.

INCLINATION.

Yet there are ills I'd ſtrive to bear,
And troubles I wou'd learn to ſhare;
If ſharp misfortune made us poor,
And miſery waited at the door,
My boſom might in ſecret ſigh,
And ſorrow's tear bedew my eye,
But from my lips no ſad complaint
The feelings of my heart ſhou'd paint:
Let thoſe who purchaſe wealth by crimes,
Mourn at the changes of the times;
Let ruin'd gameſters wildly rave
At loſing what they wou'd not ſave;
Unſtain'd with guilt, devoid of blame,
MY WANTS wou'd never cauſe my SHAME.
Tho' CARE might my companion prove,
And diſappointment mark my love,
Yet, free from envy, I ſhou'd gaze
On ſplendour's artificial blaze;
View the feign'd ſmile, and ſpangled veſt,
That hides the anguiſh of the breaſt,
And in my humble ſtation, find
The means, at leaſt, to be RESIGN'D.

On the Death of a LADY.

1773.

PRAIS'D be thy memory, honour'd be thy tomb,
Bleſt be thy ſpirit in the life to come.

Yes! Daphne, thou art gone! the truth I learn—
For this ſhall many a gentle boſom ſigh,
And cypreſs wreathes be hung around the urn,
That marks the grave wherein thy reliques lie.

Friendſhip, when anguiſh overwhelms the heart,
Streams from the eye, and eloquently ſpeaks;
Affliction can pathetic truths impart,
While flattery ſleeps, and only nature wakes.

Such is the language ſorrow calls her own!
No words to ſuit its purpoſe can it find,
Silence, and ſighs, and thoughtfulneſs alone,
Suit the ſad ſtate of Albaſinda's mind.

In Daphne's ſmiles the little loves were ſeen,
They from her eyes their fatal arrows ſped;
The Graces ſported in her artleſs mien,
And now are mourning for their Daphne dead.

She lov'd a youth, ſhe gave that youth her vow,
And Hymen's ſacred torch with brightneſs ſhone;
But who the date of human bliſs can know?
He dy'd, and left his Daphne here to mourn.

Crowds to obtain the lovely widow ſtrove,
But all in vain their idle homage paid,
For HE was gone to whom ſhe gave her love,
And ſhe was conſtant to Geraldo's ſhade.

Lo! juſtice gives a written ſcroll to fame,
Who ſwift on ſounding pinions cleaves the air,
To ev'ry ear pronounces Daphne's name,
Daphne, the amiable! the wife! the fair!

Elegy on the Death of CELADON.

October 1781.

METHINKS acroſs a barren heath
A ſad proceſſion ſeems to move,
Attendant on the claims of death,
Which ends the cordial hopes of love.

Methinks the ſnowy plumes appear,
Denoting youth's untimely fate!
I ſee the diſmal pomp draw near!
With preſages of woe replete.

For this, ſome parent's heart receives
The keeneſt pang it can ſuſtain;
For this, ſome tender lover grieves,
For this, ſome friend laments in vain.

As o'er the heath they bend their way,
Methinks I hear the ſolemn bell!
I hear the mournful Mira ſay,
"My ſon! my Celadon! farewell."

Alas! at that much-honour'd name,
Can I refrain from friendly ſighs?
Can I reject compaſſion's claim,
When beauty, youth, and merit dies?

Ill-fated Celadon! for thee,
By pity urg'd, I drop a tear,
Recalling to my memory
Thoſe gentle virtues I revere.

I fain thy merits wou'd declare,
And to thy name due honour pay;
But ſorrow interpoſing there,
Demands the remnant of my lay.

With retroſpective thought, in vain
I recollect thy vernal bloom;
The preſent ſcene directs my ſtrain,
And chains attention to thy TOMB.

Thither the Muſes ſhou'd repair,
Their love for Celadon to ſhew —
They made him when alive their care,
And with young laurel crown'd his brow.

Since death has ſpoil'd the blooming flower
Which they had patroniz'd ſo long,
'Tis juſt they ſhou'd his fate deplore,
And with his praiſe adorn their ſong.

But how can they record in verſe
His fame with their accuſtom'd ſkill?
The loves and graces on his hearſe
Have blunted the poetic quill.

Wit, harmony, expreſſion, taſte,
Attend his manes to their home;
Once faithful tenants of his breaſt,
They ſeek, with him, the ſilent tomb.

Sepulchred in the ſacred ground,
In ſafety may his reliques ſleep —
There may a holy train be found
To gaze, to meditate, to weep.

JUSTICE and VIRTUE ſhall appear,
Around his early grave to mourn,
And PITY drop the generous tear,
While FRIENDSHIP muſes on his urn.

On the Death of the Right Honourable

WILLIAM EARL TALBOT,

Viſcount HENSOL, *Baron* TALBOT *and* DYNEVOR,
Lord Steward of his Majeſty's Houſhold.

April 1782.

MOST honour'd NAME! that did ſo late comprize
All that was virtuous, excellent, and wiſe,
All that was gentle, amiable, and gay,
Bounteous as autumn, and ſerene as May,
To THEE I will devote my ſtrain once more;
Whilſt I lament the inauſpicious hour
That damp'd thy glory — thou art doom'd by fate
Now on thy MASTER's obſequies to wait,
And mark the tomb wherein the noble duſt
Of TALBOT, wiſe! benevolent! and juſt!
Will be conſign'd, — and o'er whoſe ſacred urn
INTEGRITY and VIRTUE long ſhall mourn.

He gain'd more real conſequence from worth,
Than from the ſplendour of a noble birth,
And to hereditary grandeur join'd
Each mental charm that dignifies mankind.
Titles and WEALTH by SOVEREIGNS may be giv'n,
But SENSE and VIRTUE are beſtow'd by HEAV'N,

Beyond the influence of terreſtrial ſway
They ſhine, reſplendent like the ſolar ray;
Theſe in each action of his life were ſhewn,
Theſe mark'd his character for bright renown.

With all thoſe noble qualities endu'd,
That conſtitute the wiſe, the great, the good,
Blameleſs he liv'd — reſpected, and approv'd,
Eſteem'd by ROYALTY — by Albion lov'd.

Nor does a PARTIAL pen this tribute pay —
'Tis TRUTH directs my elegiac lay;
To do him juſtice, far exceeds the ſkill
Of the hiſtorian's or the poet's quill.
The voice of candour will his praiſe proclaim,
And in the archives of immortal fame
Britannia's genius, with attentive care,
Records his NAME — and marks it with a TEAR.

At Shipley in Suſſex, is this Epitaph on SIR THOMAS CARYLL, *who died in the Year* 1616, *aged* 49.

ASKE ye who lies entoomb'd? that crime
Argues you liv'd not in his time;
His virtues anſwer, and to fate
(Outliveinge him) expreſs their hate,
For ſtealing 'way the life of one
Who (but for faſhion) needs no ſtone
To tell his praiſe — his worſt did die,
But beſt part outliv'd memorie.

Then vew, reade, trace his toomb, praiſe deeds
Which teares, joy, love, ſtrains cauſeth breeds.

The above Lines were Moderniz'd by S. B., *in* 1773.

ASK ye who lies within this tomb?
His virtues anſwering declare,
'Tis not to be expreſs'd on ſtone
The maſs of worth interred here.

Here TRUTH laments, here SORROW weeps,
(She o'er the tomb her mantle ſpread,)
Here VIRTUE, HONOUR, CARYLL ſleeps,
And only fame outlives the dead.

But tho' the body, thus conſign'd,
Is moulder'd to its native duſt,
Surely the ſoul hath happ'ly join'd
Th' immortal ſpirits of the juſt;
Then view his tomb, his memory love,
Read the inſcription, and improve.

Epitaph deſign'd for a favorite MARE, *once belonging to* ANNA MARIA.

YE, who have hearts for pity made,
Ah! grieve for her beneath this ſtone;
She boaſted no illuſtrious breed,
But ſpeed and merit were her own.

Turn not with haughty looks away,
Becauſe no human bones are here;
Nor be aſtoniſh'd that I pay
The tribute of a pitying tear.

To merit, in whatever breaſt
Its charms conſpicuous may appear,
My honeſt praiſe ſhall be addreſs'd;
I therefore pay my tribute here.

For few have led a life more pure
Than Theodora's life has been;
So patient ſickneſs to endure,
So free from error, vice, and ſin.

Tho' not for thee ſhall flow'rs be ſtrew'd,
Nor ſhall be heard the village bell,
Yet daiſies on thy grave may grow,
And robin redbreaſts ſing thy knell.

On the Death of STELLA.

YE Muſes! Graces! Sciences! and Loves!
Who dote on genius, and are friends to worth,
Ye that were wont to ſport in Stourhead's groves,
Whoſe lovely miſtreſs now is laid on earth,
Ah change your mirthful ſmiles for tears and ſighs,
(A tribute due, when youth and beauty dies.)

Ye Muſes! twine your lyres with cypreſs boughs,
Ye Graces! move dejectedly along,
Ye Loves! who once recorded Stella's vows,
With darts reverted, roam the woods among;
Let genius mourn, connubial concord weep,
And at her early grave their vigils keep.

Her form was perfect, and her temper kind,
Hilario's heart her various charms confeſs'd;
Senſe, knowledge, virtue, dignify'd her mind,
And generous candour dwelt within her breaſt;
Joy, peace, and innocence, were her's to prove,
The trueſt friendſhip — the ſincereſt love.

But theſe, alas! were not decreed to laſt!
The hours of gay proſperity are fled —
The golden dreams of happineſs are paſt,
And gentle Stella ſleeps among the dead,
Whilſt a young cherub * on her flight attends,
And o'er her marble tomb compaſſion bends.

* Alluding to her ſecond ſon, who died in a few weeks after.

OPHELIA.

February 10th, 1781.

HOW oft, inexorable death! we ſee
Thy arbitrary power in haſte diſplay'd —
The brighteſt proſpects are deſtroy'd by thee,
And ſunſhine chang'd to everlaſting ſhade.

Thus fair Ophelia! (fair, alas! in vain
Since beauty fail'd to mitigate her doom,)
Endur'd the trial of diſtreſsful pain,
And died in youth and beauty's vernal bloom.

Hither ye youthful nymphs repair! — and view
Where in her early tomb Ophelia lies;
Her face was lovely, and her heart was true,
Her manners gentle, and her conduct wiſe.

Ophelia's heart was ſway'd by tenderneſs,
She prov'd a friend ſincere, a faithful wife;
Virtue, good-humour, and a wiſh to bleſs,
Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry action of her life.

Her cheek was blooming as the op'ning roſe,
Her boſom ſpotleſs as the new-fall'n ſnow,
Her voice might lull the wretched to repoſe,
Her ſmiles might teach a hermit's heart to glow.

But ah! her eye — in vain wou'd I expreſs
The various beauties of her radiant eye,
Replete with ſoftneſs, ſenſe, and tenderneſs,
Blue as the halcyon's wing, or azure ſky.

Her converſation was devoid of art,
Inſpir'd by ſenſe, and innocently gay,
Her manners were deſcriptive of a heart
Serene and chearful as the month of May.

Her candour, virtue, modeſty, and truth,
Her chaſte affection, her maternal care,
Her ſtrict fidelity, her love, her youth,
Her artleſs beauty, claim a pitying tear.

Yes! with thy Carlos my regrets I join,
To his ſuperior grief I add my ſighs;
His elegiac ſtrains awaken mine,
And call the drops of ſorrow from my eyes.

Dear ſhade! within his memory thou wilt live —
Thy charms, thy merits, are recorded there;
Love in his heart thy image tries to weave,
And makes thee, ev'n in death, continue fair.

KNEPP CASTLE*.

1788.

LO! where yon ruin ſtands! the poor remains
Of what in former times adorn'd the ſcene;
The Muſe from hiſtory this knowledge gains,
That great in former ages it has been,
When there the ſons of BRAOSE † liv'd renown'd,
For martial deeds with wreathes of laurel crown'd.

Within thoſe walls, perhaps, in former days,
The chiefs aſſembled at the feſtive board,
The old to cheriſh, and the brave to praiſe,
Their deeds to honour — or their loves record;
Their deeds were worthy of their mighty name,
Their loves were conſtant as the veſtal flame.

* The Manor of Knepp, or La Knappe, was originally a part of the barony of Brembre, (and is in the poſſeſſion of Sir William Burrell, Bart.)

† At the Conqueror's ſurvey, this Lordſhip was in the poſſeſſion of William de Braoſe, in whoſe family it continued, till Aliva de Braoſe, by marrying John de Mowbray, carried it into that family, from whom it paſs'd to the Dukes of Norfolk, and afterwards to the Carylls.

There might the bard from fair Aliva's eye
Catch a bright glance to animate his lyre,
And white-rob'd maidens joins in minſtrelſy
To praiſe the daughter — and to pleaſe the ſire;
Aliva's name inſpir'd the vocal ſtrain,
Aliva's ſmile repaid the tuneful train.

When peace (announcing to the world repoſe,)
Her olive enſign on the tower diſplay'd,
There ſoft content her habitation choſe,
And *joie ſans fin* * was echo'd thro' the ſhade;
The fox alone they in wylde purſu'd,
Or caught the ſcaly tenants of the flood †.

No more the hauberk, nor the glittering ſhield,
Gleam'd o'er the hill — the ſpears were caſt away;
The bugle horn reſounded thro' the field,
And Bacchus crown'd the labours of the day;
And there Monteagle ‡, wand'ring thro' the grove,
Courted and won, the object of his love.

Alas! the hand of time, with cruel force,
Has rent the high embattled towers away,
But condeſcended, in its conquering force,
To leave the relique that inſpires my lay;
To leave a leſſon for the proud and great,
Whoſe pomp and conſequence muſt yield to fate.

* Alluding to a gold Baronial ring, (found near the ruins of the Caſtle,) with a Doe engraved upon it, lying under a tree, encircled by the Motto of *joie ſans fin*.

† The Lake at Knepp covers eighty acres of land.

‡ Henry Lord Morley and Monteagle, married Philippa Caryll, Baroneſs Rye, owner of Knepp Caſtle.

An Anſwer to ſome Verſes ſent with a Brace of Pheaſants.

YE feather'd tribe! whoſe painted plumes diſplay
The gayeſt tints that Nature can beſtow,
Who o'er the waving foreſt wing your way,
Or woo your partners in the vale below,

Well may ye droop your beauteous heads with fear,
And ſtrive in plaintive ſounds to warn your race;
When Corydon, that deadly foe, is near,
With miſchievous deſigns, and watchful face.

No archer bold a truer mark can take—
Not Robinhood cou'd ſhoot with better aim;
Nor can the god of love more havoc make
In hearts, than Corydon has done in game.

Whilſt thro' the woodlands he his courſe purſues,
I'm doubly bound his praiſes to record,
His muſic firſt immortaliz'd my Muſe,
And now his pheaſants ſmoke upon my board.

Yes! while his ſkill, his genius I commend,
The Muſe exclaims: "Another ſtrain is due,
"Sing the polite attentions of your friend,
"And thank the hand which fed and flatter'd you."

CLYTIE's COMPLAINT.

Written upon having ſeen the Buſt of Clytie changing into a Sun Flower, at Mr. TOWNLEY's.

BEND from thy throne, immortal God of day!
Forſaken Clytie's dying accents hear,
By thee betray'd, I pine my life away,
But ev'n in death, for future pangs prepare.

In vain I ſtrive my feeble limbs to move —
A form unknown I am conſtrain'd to take,
Yet does my heart (unchang'd, and true to love,)
Refuſe this new exiſtence to partake.

While growing leaves around my boſom ſpread,
Thoſe leaves derive their golden tints from THEE;
Turn to the beams that have my heart miſled,
And prove the emblems of my conſtancy.

Ungrateful Phœbus! tho' my form no more
Can pain thy memory, or offend thy ſight,
Yet know in ev'ry ſhape, in ev'ry hour,
In ev'ry clime, I ſhall adore thy light.

Nor think thy ſcorching rays, with fatal force,
  Will burn my leaves before the cloſe of day,
They ſhall not ſhrink from thy meridian courſe,
  But all their charms with conſcious pride diſplay.

Or ſhou'd they droop beneath celeſtial fire,
  The balmy zephyrs will extend their aid;
And dewy evening, as thy beams retire,
  With tears of pity ſhall bedew my head.

Nor will the rapid change of ſeaſons prove
  Deſtructive to the luſtre of my name;
For know, proud Phœbus! tho' the ſlave of LOVE,
  I ſtill am deſtin'd for eternal FAME.

The time WILL come, when, in Britannia's iſle,
  True attic elegance and taſte ſhall bloom,
When art and ſcience may exulting ſmile,
  And boaſt the faireſt prodigies of Rome.

Yes! Townley then, among the forms moſt fair
  Will place that Clytie whom you now deſpiſe;—
My beauty ſhall revive, and triumph there,
  Amidſt the praiſes of the learn'd and wiſe.

That glorious thought ſpeaks comfort to my mind,
  Peace to my woes, atonement for my wrongs;
I meet my fate, undaunted and reſign'd—
  To guilt alone, the ſenſe of fear belongs.

THE MOURNFUL SAILOR.

" WHILE the lull'd winds in ſighing ſounds expire,
" And the tir'd mariners enjoy repoſe,
" Why cannot I, who equal reſt require,
" Invoke ſweet ſleep my weary eyes to cloſe?
" It is becauſe, from occupation free,
" My thoughts, Euphemia! now return to THEE.

" When the white billows into mountains grew,
" And forked lightnings ſhot acroſs the ſkies,
" My deep regrets a ſhort ſuſpenſion knew,
" And tumult gave what idleneſs denies;
" Amidſt the noiſe and horror of the ſtorm,
" Ev'n love was aw'd by danger's threat'ning form.

" But in this tranquil ſilent hour of night,
" Alone, unheard, I pour the mournful ſtrain,
" And by the pale moon's melancholy light
" Gaze on th' unruffled boſom of the main;
" Yes! gaze, and wiſh my mind as calm cou'd prove,
" Forget Euphemia — and be cold to love.

" Yet ah! how vain my wiſh! how weak my prayer!
" Tho' from the faſcinating maid I go,
" Her graceful image haunts me ev'ry where,
" Hangs o'er the reef, or beckons at the prow;
" The fatal beauty ſeems the ſeas to brave,
" Aſcends the keel — or floats upon the wave.

" Ambition then her dang'rous flame renews,
" And points to hopes that never ſhou'd be mine,
" While fancy can with magic power amuſe,
" Plan the bold ſcheme, and form the deep deſign:
" Ah, wretch! with equal chance thou may'ſt prepare,
" To ſound the deep — or reach the morning ſtar.

" Oft in my dreams I ſeek my native home,
" Hills white with ſheep, and valleys rich with corn,
" From whence my ſteps thro' winding paths may roam,
" At ſhadowy evening, or at early morn;
" At early morn my artleſs tale to tell,
" At ſhadowy eve to bid my love farewell.

" In fond idea, by her ſide I ſtray,
" Thro' the long graſs, tow'rds the hawthorn tree
" Which, dreſs'd in bloſſoms by the hand of May,
" I dedicated, peerleſs maid! to thee,
" And taught the bark a monument to prove,
" Of my Euphemia's charms, and Edward's love.

" But ah! how chang'd to me the ſcene appears —
" The birds ſtill carol, and the leaves are green,
" The ſtory of my love the hawthorn bears,
" And blooming May in all her pride is ſeen,
" But dire adverſity my ſteps purſues,
" Reproves my wiſhes, and arreſts my Muſe.

" Die then, ambitious thoughts! fantaſtic dreams!
" Preſumptuous hopes! and viſionary joys!
" From the horizon truth's broad mirror gleams,
" Ends the deluſion, and the ſcene deſtroys;
" Lo! fancy fades beneath the dazzling light,
" Sick'ning retires, and veils her head in night."

As thus the youth his deſtiny deplor'd,
  Sleep! Nature's nurſe! to cloſe his eyelids ſtole,
(Sleep! which alone oblivion cou'd afford,
  Or ſoften ſorrows that had pierc'd his ſoul;
Sleep! which to wretchedneſs ſupport can lend,
The poor man's luxury, the ſick man's friend.)

Meantime the zephyrs, pleas'd of love to tell,
  On their light wings the tender accents bore;
Each liſtening Nercid ſtruck the vocal ſhell,
  And wak'd attention on the diſtant ſhore;
Whilſt Cupid vow'd to take the ſailor's part,
And plead his paſſion to Euphemia's heart.

On the Death of ANNA MARIA.

Auguſt 27th, 1783.

IF innocence of life, if temper kind,
A gen'rous heart, an uncorrupted mind,
Have power to urge humanity's ſoft tear,
Ye ſons of pity! drop the tribute here:
Ye, whoſe mild boſoms own philanthropy,
The loſt Maria's tomb with grief ſurvey,
A ſigh benevolent on HER beſtow,
Who oft has ſympathis'd in other's woe.

Whilſt contemplation is by ſorrow led
To meditate, and to lament the dead,
A SISTER, this ſad mark of love affords,
And mourns the virtues that the Muſe records:
Yet, when we think her ſpirit fled from hence
In all the purity of innocence;
When we reflect on what her life has been,
How true to honour, and how free from ſin;
Our lamentations REASON muſt reprove,
And hope direct our thoughts to ſcenes above.

On the Death of the Rev^d Mr. FORSTER.

TO duſt conſign'd, releas'd from mortal cares,
Here Forſter ſleeps, beneath an humble ſtone;
His name, his memory, the Muſe reveres,
For ſweetneſs, ſenſe, and learning were his own.

Soft were his manners, tuneful was his tongue,
No pomp of phraſe was in his ſpeech diſplay'd,
But mild ſimplicity enamour'd hung
On ev'ry word, and taught him to perſuade.

Humble he look'd, unconſcious of his power,
Benign and peaceful, like the lore he taught;
Content in GENTLE ACCENTS to adore,
While ev'ry word with eloquence was fraught.

Terrific ſcenes denouncing death and woe,
His quiet nature ſought not to diſplay,
He made Devotion's artleſs tear to flow,
But ſent deſpair and agony away.

Pathetic pleader! thou art heard no more —
Mute is the tongue that pour'd ſo ſweet a ſtrain:
Ye! who have known his voice, your loſs deplore,
Ye ne'er ſhall liſten "to the like again."

To the Memory of MISS BOONE.

STRANGER! revere the conſecrated earth
Where ſleeps benevolence and modeſt worth,
A heart with ev'ry ſentiment endued
That conſtitutes the name of wiſe and good.

Nor was Eliza good and wiſe alone —
A thouſand nameleſs graces were her own;
Her tongue the words of wiſdom cou'd diſpenſe,
Array'd in all the charms of eloquence:
Adorn'd with talents of ſuperior kind,
A liberal ſoul, a cultivated mind;
Genius and taſte appear'd in all ſhe ſaid,
Wit to ſurprize, and reaſon to perſuade.
The ſick, the aged, penitent, and poor,
Found peace and comfort at Eliza's door,
Who felt for all that ſuffer'd pain or want,
And thought it happineſs ſupreme to grant.
Remote from public ſcenes of noiſe and ſtrife,
No cares diſturb'd the ev'ning of her life,
With chearful ſteps in pious paths ſhe trode,
And dy'd reſign'd unto the will of God.

On a TULIP TREE, *planted by an* OLD GARDENER.

HAIL to HIS memory! whoſe induſtrious hand
Planted this tree, and watch'd the growing ſhade;
Whoſe eye beheld with pride the leaves expand,
And deem'd the plant an honour to his trade.

In plain ſimplicity his language flow'd,
His life was harmleſs, and his heart ſincere;
That undeſigning heart with juſtice glow'd,
And gratitude impreſs'd her ſignet there.

Reſt to his manes! tho' of humble name,
His praiſe extends beyond this narrow ſod—
In Pope's immortal page we read his fame,
"An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God."

Verſes intended for the Epitaph of SIR C. R.

Nov. 9, 1788.

HITHER mild Charity and Friendſhip come!
Mourn for your loſs, and ponder o'er this tomb;
Lament a heart where warm affection reign'd,
Where pure benevolence her ſeat maintain'd,
Where genuine worth (that ſhun'd the public eye,)
Adorn'd his life, and taught him how to die;
With chriſtian patience cou'd his heart ſuſtain,
And gave philoſophy to ſmile at pain.

Bleſs'd ſhade of him whoſe virtues I revere!
Whoſe honour'd name demands my filial tear!
To thee, this laſt ſad proof of love is due,
The Muſe unworthy, but her language true;
While memory lives, with pride I will atteſt
The generous feelings that inſpir'd thy breaſt,
And wiſh that heav'n to me may grace ſupply,
To live as well — and as reſign'd to die.

Epitaph on MRS. A. B

1789.

YE! to whom truth and charity are dear,
Survey this marble, and this duſt revere.

Here ſleeps a heart that never learnt to feign,
A heart ſincere, affectionate, humane;
A generous temper which was prompt to give,
Zealous to pleaſe, and anxious to relieve.

In conduct wiſe, benevolent, and juſt,
True to each ſocial tie, each ſacred truſt;
Thro' a long life reſpectably ſhe mov'd,
And dy'd lamented, as ſhe liv'd belov'd.

SONGS.

SWEET as the fragrancy of op'ning flowers,
Sweet as the gentle breeze or ſummer ſhowers,
Sweet as the dews deſcend on thirſty plains,
So ſweet to me, oh Delia! are thy ſtrains.

Sweet as cool evening after ſultry day,
Sweet as the blackbird's or the linnet's lay,
Sweet as the nightingale's melodious ſong,
So ſweet the muſic of my Delia's tongue.

Fair as the faireſt flower among the fair,
And mild as morning's breeze or evening air,
Chearful as yonder hill in verdure dreſs'd,
So fair is Delia's form, ſo chearful Delia's breaſt.

Whene'er my Delia tunes her gentle ſong,
The fawns might wonder as they ſport along,
The birds unite in approbative lays,
And ev'ry poet celebrate her praiſe.

CLARA.

THE beauteous caſket wrought with ſkill and care,
Invites the gazer's firſt attention there,
But when the treaſure it contains is ſeen,
We give our preference to the gem within.

Go, ye miſguided lovers! take your part—
Applaud the face, whilſt I commend the heart;
Let Clara's beauty animate YOUR ſongs,
To MINE the praiſe of Clara's mind belongs.

To her bright eyes adoring lovers bend—
I rate her virtues like a faithful friend;
To ſuit her mind, a faultleſs form was given;
But ſure the FIRST, was the BEST gift of heaven.

PENSEROSA.

AH ſay! does Alexis diſdain
To think of his Leſbia a while?
Are her hopes and her wiſhes in vain!
Does the ſhepherd refuſe her a ſmile?

Are all his profeſſions forgot?
Is virtuous affection no more?
If ſo, it muſt be her hard lot
To think on the paſt, and deplore.

If ſuch alteration appears,
Yet ſhe ſcarcely can love thee the leſs!
Her reproofs ſhall be only her tears,
And ſighs will her ſorrow expreſs.

In ſecret thy Leſbia will mourn
That happineſs flyeth ſo faſt—
When ſhe dies, will be wrote on her urn,
How ſoon human pleaſures are paſt.

Then forming a fence round the tomb
Where ſhe and her anguiſh may ſleep,
The cypreſs ſhall add to the gloom,
And the willow for ages ſhall weep.

ARETHUSA.

OH tell me, Arethuſa! tell me, where
Bright Conſtancy has fix'd her ſteady throne?
If you are ſilent — boldly I'll declare,
Her empire is within my heart alone.

Nor time, nor place, nor abſence, can impair
My vows of love — my conſtancy ſhall ſhine
Pure as the hearts of veſtal virgins are,
Bright as the virtue which ennobles thine.

Fair nymph! wilt thou my conſtancy requite?
And add more luſtre to the lamp of love?
If ſo — 'twill burn with ſuch reſplendent light,
That men may envy, angels may approve.

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

ONE ſummer's morn a butterfly,
With pride elated, rang'd the grove,
On ev'ry fragrant plant he perch'd,
The ſweetneſs of the flowers to prove.

A bluſhing roſe with anger ſaw
The vain inconſtant fly appear,
His forward inſolence repuls'd,
And thus addreſs'd him with a ſneer:

" Hence, idle, vain, fantaſtic fly!
" Nor think my favour won with eaſe—
" 'Tis honour, innocence, and truth,
" That only are ſecure to pleaſe.

" Then quit this ſpot, avoid this grove,
" Thou emblem of inconſtancy!
" And ſo may ev'ry ſwain be ſcorn'd,
" And ev'ry nymph who copies thee."

JOCKEY AND JESSY.

FAIR Jeſſy was a maiden gay,
The pride of all the grove;
Young Jockey was a bonny ſwain,
And Jeſſy was his love.

Together o'er the flow'ry meads
The happy lovers ſtray'd —
It ſeem'd as if by fate they were
To ſuit each other made.

But cruel death, one luckleſs morn,
Aim'd his unerring dart,
And whilſt it ſtopp'd poor Jeſſy's breath,
It broke her lover's heart.

Here in this cold, cold grave they lie,
Beneath this ruſtic ſtone —
And ilka bairn that paſſeth by,
Laments that they are gone.

PEGGY.

DIANA's mien, Minerva's eyes,
Fair Peggy does adorn;
With all the chearfulneſs of ſpring,
And roſeate bluſh of morn.

Mild as the tender turtle dove,
Yet ſenſible and ſmart,
She makes us partial to her form,
Which ſuits her gentle heart.

Bright like the morning ſtar ſhe ſhines,
Unſully'd and ſerene,
Good-humour ſparkles in her eye,
And grace adorns her mien.

Meek innocence and chaſtity
Inſpire her gentle mind;
To nought that's wrong, to all that's right,
Fair Peggy is inclin'd.

With admiration and eſteem
Her merit I ſurvey;
'Tis friendſhip bids me praiſe the maid,
'Tis juſtice rules the lay.

FROM A NAIAD TO A SHEPHERD.

LOVELY youth! go tend thy ſheep,
Thy garden ſew, thy harveſt reap;
And if thou wou'dſt ſtill be bleſt,
Let not love diſturb thy reſt;
If IGNORANCE can be a SPELL,
Shun, ah! ſhun the dang'rous WELL.

Still in youth and beauty thrive,
Still in calm contentment live,
Sport upon the flow'ry mead,
Pipe upon your oaten reed;
If IGNORANCE can be a SPELL,
Shun, ah! ſhun the dang'rous well.

Once NARCISSUS happy rov'd,
By the ſlighted nymphs belov'd,
Till upon a fatal day
He chanc'd, poor boy! to go aſtray,
And wand'ring from his peaceful cell,
Came unto the fatal well.

Then reclining o'er the brink,
He ſought the pleaſant ſtream to drink;

Ruin there, in beauty's dreſs,
Taught him paſſion in exceſs;
Deluded, he was wont to dwell
Hanging o'er the fatal well.

There he in deſpondence pin'd,
Mourning to the heedleſs wind,
There he bow'd, and there he ſigh'd,
There he wept, and there he dy'd;
The Naiads rang his parting knell,
And ſaw him fall into the well.

Shun, oh! ſhun thou beauteous boy!
Knowledge that may peace deſtroy;
Think thou haſt Plebeian face,
Little beauty, little grace,
Never dream thou doſt excell,
And ſhun, oh! ſhun the dang'rous well.

But if you, on raſhneſs bent,
Gaze, defying puniſhment,
I ſhall plant a weeping willow
Drooping o'er your wat'ry pillow,
And all the ſiſters of the cell
Will execrate the fatal well.

ANGELINA.

FAIR Angelina! heaven to thee
Gave ev'ry charm the heart to move;
A mind from pride and error free,
A face that claims reſpect and love.

Thy ſmiles, thy words, are ſweeter far
Than Hybla's banks in fragrance dreſt,
Thy manners kind and graceful are,
And virtue rules thy ſpotleſs breaſt.

Fair Angelina! heaven to thee
Each gift of Nature's hand beſtow'd;
Fram'd thee for ſenſibility,
And made thee amiable and good.

In temper chearful as the morn,
Benign, affectionate, and kind,
A thouſand charms thy face adorn,
Created by thy faultleſs mind.

From thence divine GOOD-HUMOUR flows,
To make thee more admir'd and lov'd;
To HER each charm addition owes,
And beauty's influence is improv'd.

THE RURAL COURTSHIP.

CELADON.

TELL me, fair Euphroſyne!
Will you live content with me?
Will you hear my vows ſincere?
Will you grant your ſhepherd's prayer?
On the ſide of yonder hill,
By a little murm'ring rill,
Underneath a maple tree,
Will you live content with me?

EUPHROSYNE.

Prithee tell me, gentle ſwain!
If I leave my native plain,
If I take you for my guide,
What retreat will you provide?
If I follow to the hill,
Whence deſcends the murm'ring rill,
Shall I there a cottage ſee?
Where I may reſide with thee?

CELADON.

I will form a rural cell,
Where my love and I may dwell,

Where my fleecy flock may ſtray,
Where my ſportive kids may play;
There I'll plant the eglantine,
Myrtle, ſycamore, and vine,
If my fair Euphroſyne
Will conſent to live with me.

EUPHROSYNE.

I deſpiſe the eglantine,
Myrtle, ſycamore, and vine;
Give me roſes in their bloom,
Violets yielding rich perfume,
Bells and lilies of the vale,
Daiſies pied, and cowſlips pale,
Daffadills and roſemary,
Ere I live content with thee.

CELADON.

Thro' the mazes of the grove,
Thro' the meadows I will rove,
Gather ev'ry flower that blows,
Ev'ry fragrant herb that grows;
Water from the cleareſt ſpring,
Fruits of various kinds I'll bring
For my fair Euphroſyne,
If ſhe'll deign to live with me.

EUPHROSYNE.

Tho' in blooming tints array'd,
Yet theſe flowrets ſoon will fade;
Shepherd, more I muſt require,
Ere I to thy cell retire;

Herbs and flowers too changeful prove
For a tribute of thy love;
Social mirth and harmony
Muſt be mine, to live with thee.

CELADON.

We will pipe, and dance, and ſing,
At the gay approach of ſpring;
While our goats may browſe on thyme,
And o'er craggy mountains climb;
At due ſeaſon of the year,
We our fleecy flock will ſhear;
Tell me, fair Euphroſyne,
Will you live content with me?

EUPHROSYNE.

Sportive meaſures, vocal lays,
Seldom can excite my praiſe:
Oaten reeds can not compare
With the ſongſters of the air;
Let me hear the lark or thruſh,
Warbling ſweetly from the buſh;
Theſe ſhall my muſicians be,
If I ſeek the hill with thee.

CELADON.

Hark! the birds attune their lays
On the maple's leafy ſprays;
Hark! I hear the gentle rill
Stealing ſoftly down the hill:—

Love, with gay and placid mien,
Courts you to the ſylvan ſcene;
Tell me, fair Euphroſyne,
Will you live content with me?

EUPHROSYNE.

Yes! I own the God of LOVE
Will the Sylvan ſcene improve;
He invites me to be thine;
I obey the voice divine.
Celadon! my hand receive,
I to thee my preference give;
Underneath this maple tree,
I can live content with THEE.

ROSALIE.

WHY doſt thou ſit upon the ground,
Fair maiden! with diſhevel'd hair?
Why ſcatter cypreſs boughs around?
And with thy cries diſturb the air?

Why does the tear ſo often glide,
Fair Roſalie, along thy cheek?
To me my mournful thoughts confide,
To me thy cauſe of ſorrow ſpeak.

Alas! her falt'ring tongue in vain
Endeavours to reveal her cares,
But tender ſighs expreſs her pain,
And eloquence is in her tears.

Lo! with a reed, her feeble hand
Attempts her ſtory to proclaim —
Dying, ſhe traces on the ſand,
Her dear departed Lubin's name.

To the cruelle Ladie of the Mountayne, knowne to the enamour'd Shepherds by the name of SACHARISSA.

AH! why wilt thou not be my love?
Amonge theſe wilde, but pleaſaunt mountaynes?
From whence the eye untir'd may rove
O'er moſſie banks and ſparkling fountaynes.

Thy fleetinge form I long have chac'd,
O'er craggy rocks thy ſteps purſuing;
By hope allur'd thro' woodes to haſte,
By love miſled to paths of ruine.

Alas! to caves and nodding pines
I tell my melancholie ſtorie!
The nymph to graunt my ſuite declines,
And on my ſufferings builds her glorie.

Thou ſavage in an angel's forme!
No more will I ſuch homage render —
For what avails each outward charme,
Withoute an harte that's kind and tender?

I'll throw my idle crook aſyde,
My pipe and ſylvan haunts forſaking;
Beneathe a frier's garb I'll hide
The weakneſs of a harte that's breaking.

Then in my gown of ſober gray
I'll far from Sachariſſa wander,
And wend my melancholie way
Ev'n to the ſpire that courts me yonder.

My oriſons, tyrannic maide!
Will there for thee aſcend to heav'n;
(For in the ſtill monaſtic ſhade
All human wrongs ſhou'd be forgiv'n.)

That ivy-mantled roof beneathe,
I'll check the tongue that wou'd reprove thee;
Silent and ſad, reſigne my breathe,
Or learne the arte no more to love thee.

CHARLOTTE's *Lamentation.*

" THEIR branches the green willows wave,
" The winds whiſtle cold round my head —
" Yet ſtill do I ſit by the grave,
" Wherein my poor Werter is laid.
" The ſtorm cannot be ſo ſevere
" As the tumult I'm deſtin'd to prove;
" Ah let me then ſtill tarry here,
" And watch o'er the tomb of my love.

" Alas! I unpitied complain,
" The woods only echo my cry;
" I ſpeak of my ſorrows in vain;
(" Ah Werter! thou can'ſt not reply!)
" Ye lightnings that glare thro' the grove,
" Perform a benevolent part,
" Attracted by Charlotte and love,
" Oh ſhoot your ſwift fires thro' my heart."

She ſaid — and, with looks undiſmay'd,
To Providence whiſper'd a prayer —
Loud thunder burſt over her head,
The tempeſt diſhevel'd her hair;
She clung to the moſs-cover'd ſtone,
Till the lightning affected her frame —
To Werter ſhe gave her laſt groan,
And dy'd, in pronouncing his name.

A HUNTING SONG.

AWAKE, my brave boys! to the woodlands repair,
And chace the fleet ſtag o'er the lawn;
Awake from your ſlumbers and baniſh old care,
Who flies at the ſound of the horn.

To horſe, my brave boys! to the woods hie away,
Aurora peeps over the hill;
We will hunt all the morning, and finiſh the day
With a health to the maid of the mill.

THE BACCHANALIAN.

BRING me ſome freſh Falernian wine,
And pour it ſparkling in my bowl;
Bacchus! my oriſons are thine,
Whilſt thus I cheer my thirſty ſoul.
Thy preſence ev'ry care can leſſen,
Drown'd in the glaſs reflexion lies,
Forgetfulneſs becomes a bleſſing,
And caution from the banquet flies.

Come, god of wine! and bring with thee
Gay looks and viſionary joys,
The mirthful catch, the melting glee,
Freedom, and bacchanalian noiſe.
Baniſh'd be ev'ry thought of ſorrow,
To pleaſure I devote the day;
I'll grave and ſober be to-morrow,
But let me now be drunk and gay.

Yet, while my ſenſes are remaining,
Ere keen remembrance can be loſt,
My heart its real ſtate explaining,
Shall give Lavinia for my toaſt.

On ELIZA.

1785.

BY ſympathy my heart was mov'd,
When firſt I ſaw Eliza's face;
That face, ſo faſhion'd to be lov'd,
That form, of unaffected grace.

It was not her enchanting eyes,
Where brilliant animation glows;
Nor yet thoſe lips, whoſe freſhneſs vies
With the gay tints that paint the roſe.

Nor had her ſmiles the power alone
My partial preference to bind;
'Twas that the lovely form was known
To bear a correſpondent mind.

Artleſs, and innocently gay,
Her thoughts can never want diſguiſe;
The SOUL we in her face ſurvey,
And read her TEMPER in her eyes.

CHLOE AND MYRA.

CHLOE is elegant and pretty,
But ſilly and affected;
Myra is ſenſible and witty,
And by the wiſe reſpected.

When pretty Chloe I behold,
I think myſelf her lover;
But ere I have my paſſion told,
Her failings I diſcover.

When Myra talks, I'm pleas'd to hear,
And venerate her mind;
But in her face no charms appear
My wavering heart to bind.

Blindfold, I ſhou'd to Myra run,
And ſwear to love her ever;
Yet, when the bandage was undone,
Shou'd only think her clever.

With the free uſage of my eyes,
I Chloe ſhou'd decide for;
But when ſhe talks, I HER deſpiſe,
Whom, dumb, I cou'd have dy'd for.

My ear or eye muſt tortur'd be
If I make choice of either;
'Tis therefore beſt I ſhou'd agree—
Ladies! to marry neither.

The INDIAN SLAVE's *Addreſs to her* MISTRESS.

LOVELY Zulma! ceaſe complaining,
Urad is not worth thy care;
See him vows of paſſion feigning
To a nymph not half ſo fair.
In this mirror deign to gaze,
There examine ev'ry feature—
Learn to eſtimate thy praiſe,
And grow more ſatisfy'd with Nature.

There behold thy treſſes waving,
Jetty as the raven's wing!
See thoſe eyes the heart enſlaving!
Fit to rule an Indian king.
To yon rock, ah! let me clamber,
Seeking gems ro deck thy hair,
Orient pearls, and golden amber,
Limpet ſhells, and coral rare.

Tune thy lute, ſo long forſaken!
Take thy quiver and thy bow!
Echo with thy ſong awaken!
Thro' the woods a huntreſs go.
Why ſhou'dſt thou be ever pining,
Since another proves forſworn?
And each brighter hope reſigning,
Still demur, and hourly mourn?

See! where youthful Zeineb ſighs,
(Braveſt of the Mooriſh nation!)
Conquer'd by thy radiant eyes,
See! he waits to ſpeak his paſſion.
Hear the voice of reaſon plead—
Happier days the fates reſerve thee;
Let ingenuous love ſucceed,
And wed the chief, who BEST DESERVES thee.

To LAURA.

In Imitation of LORD LYTTLETON's *Song*, "If ſilent
"yet you ſee me mourn."

AH! think not words my love can tell,
Nor looks my ſecret thoughts explain;
To paint the paſſion which I feel,
My words are weak, my looks are vain.

Since, then, I never can declare
How much I grieve, how much I love;
In ſilence I will learn to bear
Thoſe ſad ſenſations that I prove.

Yet, if thou e'er haſt lov'd like me,
My ſufferings, Laura! thou wilt gueſs;
And in my ſilent ſorrow, ſee
Much more than language can expreſs.

DAMON.

AS Damon pluck'd a blooming flower,
A bee within the foliage lay;
The flower he from the garden bore,
And flung the angry bee away.

This tale a leſſon may unfold—
To truſt not ev'ry charm we ſee;
Since all that glitters is not gold,
And many a roſe conceals a bee.

THE DISCONSOLATE SWAIN.

I Mourn a maiden whom I lov'd
Till ſhe inconſtant grew,
And left me for a wealthy ſwain —
(A ſwain ſhe ſcarcely knew.)

Ah falſe Miranda! cruel fair!
Why muſt I thee deplore?
Why mourn that mercenary heart?
Why blame, and yet adore?

Far from the fickle maid I'll fly,
To ſome ſequeſter'd cell;
Far from the buſy haunts of men,
In ſolitude to dwell.

There, by ſome ever-purling rill
My tears unſeen ſhall flow —
My plaint the echo ſhall repeat,
And willow bind my brow.

A SYBIL's *Advice.*

FOND ſhepherd! ceaſe this vain regret,
And think no more of falſe Miranda;
'Tis often uſeful to forget,
And ſometimes may be wiſe to wander:
Tir'd of caprice and cruelty,
You long, (yet dare not,) to be free.

Aſcribe the ſtrangeneſs of her heart
To its true cauſe, the love of teazing,
Nor be perſuaded by her art,
That you have loſt the power of pleaſing;
Think not yourſelf grown gray and old,
Becauſe Miranda's heart is cold.

Since there are nymphs on Albion's ſhore,
With hearts incapable of feigning,
Of loſt Miranda think no more,
And baniſh grief ſo unavailing;
Ceaſe to lament the loſs of one,
And learn to change,—as ſhe has done.

CORINNA

VAINLY, Corinna, you complain
That time has robb'd you of your lover:
Your perfidy has broke his chain,
And all his ſlavery is over.

In vain you to your toilette fly,
Repair your bloom, adjuſt your treſſes,
And give to each obedient eye
The language that a lover gueſſes.

Awhile you act this playful part—
Till Nature (claiming her dominion)
Paints the true picture of a heart,
When humbled in its own opinion.

Corinna, pretty, wild, and gay,
Looks diſappointed and dejected,
She ſees her lovers ſteal away,
And finds her falſehood is detected.

The giddy fool has had her hour,
'Tis time that ſhe ſhou'd rave and fret;
The glories of her reign are o'er,
For men have nam'd her—the COQUETTE.

AIR IN DIDO.

Written by PRINCE HOARE, *Eſq.*

COME, Hope! thou ſoother of the mind,
And calm this agitated breaſt;
Come, with an aſpect gay and kind,
Thy form by love and nature dreſs'd.

Thy power can baniſh ev'ry care—
Can make the gloomy deſert ſmile,
Prevent the horrors of deſpair,
And abſence of its pain beguile.

Another on the ſame Subject.

WHEN o'er the heath the traveller roves,
Benighted, weary, and forlorn,
How grateful to his ſenſes proves
The gleam of light, announcing morn.

Thus does my mind, (where anxious fear,
Where timid love in ſilence mourn'd,)
Now cheer'd by hope—extirpate care,
And feel its happineſs return'd.

LUCINDA.

WAKE, fair Lucinda! lovely maid!
Ariſe, and breathe the morning air;
See how the roſe adorns the glade,
Like thee, Lucinda! ſweet and fair.

Come, my Lucinda! let us ſtray
O'er moſſy banks and beds of thyme;
Let us purſue yon winding way,
And to the hill's bold ſummit climb.

There let us mark the buſy bee,
From thence the rural ſcene behold,
The plough-boy wand'ring o'er the lea,
The ſheep emerging from their fold;

Or let us loiter in the field,
Or thro' the verdant foreſt rove,
Where ev'ry tree the ſounds will yield,
Of pleaſure, harmony, and love.

On DAPHNE.

WHEN Daphne's lovely face appears
Bath'd in affection's graceful tears,
Superior beauty we perceive,
To what the aid of ſmiles can give.

Thoſe cheeks, which bear the ſigns of woe,
Ne'er ſeem'd more beautiful than now,
And while ſhe trembles with alarms,
Soft pity heightens all her charms.

Ne'er did thoſe eyes look more divine,
Nor with a brighter luſtre ſhine,
Than when the feelings of her breaſt
In tears are tenderly expreſs'd.

(Thus does the ſun maintain his power,
And ſhine amidſt a ſummer's ſhower,
Whilſt ev'ry lucid drop beſtows
Increaſing beauty to the roſe.)

THE SHEPHERD's COURTSHIP.

COME, gentle Chloris! let us rove
Along yon winding path, that leads
Thro' the receſſes of the grove,
To fields of corn, and verdant meads.

There, lovely maid! my goats appear;
There, lovely maid! I pen my ſheep;
The hum of bees will meet thine ear,
For there my buſy bees I keep:

And there my orchard I have made,
And there my little vineyard grows;
My trees already form a ſhade;
My grapes already load the boughs.

Chloris! behold that willow's ſhade,
That moſſy bank, and chryſtal ſpring,
Where on my reed I oft have play'd,
Where I have oft aſſay'd to ſing

Such notes as nature can inſpire,
(Unfetter'd by the rules of art,)
Wild notes, that breathe poetic fire;
Fond words, that ſpeak th' impaſſion'd heart.

Ah! nymph belov'd! forgive thy ſwain,
Whoſe language is devoid of guile;
Diſdain not his untutor'd ſtrain,
Reward his paſſion with a ſmile.

Yes! in that dear approving face
I read my pardon, learn my fate —
Come then! my ruſtic cottage grace,
Partake my lot — and be my mate.

SONG.

IN vain, Ceſario! you deplore
Thoſe golden hours that ſmile no longer,
And ſigh for her whom you adore,
Tho' Delia's fair, and Chloe younger;
Here youth and beauty may aſſemble!
Ceſario's heart forbears to tremble:

He feels no paſſion, knows no fear,
Tho' lovely Amoret is near him;
He turns a deaf, unheedful ear,
When Clara's voice is tun'd to cheer him,
And like a captive bird is wailing,
When others are their friends regaling.

Ah! fie, Ceſario! ceaſe to mourn—
Why ſhou'd thou in deſpondence languiſh?
If HER you love will not return,
Give to Oblivion all this anguiſh;
Learn to appreciate others' merit,
Exert your pride, and ſhew your ſpirit.

"Alas!" the tender ſwain replies,
"'Tis eaſier far to preach, than practiſe;
"Your counſel certainly is wiſe,
"Yet let me plead, that this the fact is,
"Your HEAD cool reaſoning can impart,
"But REASON will not touch MY HEART."

THE ENAMOUR'D MOOR.

ZELIA! accept the Moor Oraſmin's lay,
This faithful picture of his heart ſurvey:
Stranger to art, I have not learnt to feign —
'Tis love alone impels me to complain;
Tutor'd by him, I to my Zelia write,
And dare the feelings of my heart recite.

Well I remember that auſpicious day
When, (as I ſought to rouze the ſavage prey,)
Beneath a palm I ſaw thee, nymph! reclin'd,
Thy jetty treſſes floating in the wind,
Thy neck and arms with ſtrings of pearl entwin'd;
A magic ſweetneſs, a reſiſtleſs grace
Shone in the bright expreſſion of thy face,
An ivory quiver to thy ſhoulder ty'd,
Seem'd as if LOVE the furniture ſupply'd.
In that deciſive hour my heart was won,
And all my ſchemes of liberty o'erthrown.

No more I dart the ſpear, or bend the bow,
To muſe on thee is all my buſineſs now:
I've trac'd thy footſteps on Arabian ſands,
I've watch'd thee, ſporting on the flow'ry lands;
Unſeen by thee, at morn and eve I've ſtray'd
Tow'rds the dwelling of my lovely maid,

Gaz'd on her window with an anxious eye,
And offer'd there, the incenſe of a ſigh.

Oh! wou'd my Zelia but accept my love,
How bleſt, how grateful, wou'd Oraſmin prove!
My dwelling (now ſo humble,) wou'd appear
A brilliant palace if ſhe ſparkled there.

Where yonder bank its rocky ſummit rears,
A ſpacious cave was hewn in former years,
A fall of water ruſhing from its ſide
Is ſeen below, in chryſtal rills to glide;
There rich pomegranates and ananas grow,
There ſtately plantanes grateful ſhade beſtow;
Gay rhododendrons and azalias bloom,
And with their ſweets the ambient air perfume;
A thouſand birds in lively concert ſing,
A thouſand herbs and fragrant flowrets ſpring.

There I reſide — but ah! this ſcene ſo gay,
Where ſportive nature us'd to claim my lay,
Now dull appears — creation ſeems to mourn,
Since love has made me wretched and forlorn.

Come then, my Zelia! grant Oraſmin's prayer! —
Diſpel my cares, and reign the miſtreſs here:
Accept the grateful heart that pants for thee,
A heart that never can again be free,
That never can be lur'd by power or gain,
To break the knots that bind thy ſilken chain.

But, here I pauſe — at diſtance I will wait
The final anſwer that decides my fate;
If Zelia frowns — I'll not offend again,
But SILENT bear the rigour of my chain.

A Ballad addreſs'd to R. B. Esq. *on his writing a Letter from Brighthelmſtone, wherein he deſir'd, if himſelf and his Family were blown up by the Powder Magazine, and any of their Limbs ſhou'd float to Eaſtbourn, they might be decently interr'd there.*

The Ballad begins to the Tune of Hoſier's Ghoſt.

ON the eaſtern coaſt of Suſſex,
At the flowing of the tide,
I (methought) upon the billows
Wrecks of human ſhape deſcry'd;
Long they floated on the ocean,
Sport of ev'ry wind and wave,
Deſtitute of ſenſe and motion,
Doom'd to an untimely grave.

Whilſt we on the beach arriving,
Sympathetic ſighs beſtow'd,
On the foaming ſurges driving,
Nearer to the ſtrand they flow'd.
Great was our commiſeration,
Difficult to be expreſt,
When, on cloſe inveſtigation,
We, alas! their owners gueſs'd.

'Twas a ſight extremely ſhocking,
To behold their garments float ;
One wave brought a hat and ſtocking,
One a garter, cap, and knot.
Some exploſion ſurely threw them
On the boſom of the ſea!
Horrid change! to us who knew them,
What a ſad cataſtrophe!

When they on the ſands were lying,
Certain antiquarians came,
And amongſt the cargo prying,
Thought thereon to raiſe their fame.
Here a toe, and there a finger,
Was upon the coaſt diſplay'd ;
And, as far as I remember,
Thus the catalogue was made.

A tongue we beheld, which I knew at firſt ſight
When living was wont to amuſe and delight ;
With comical humour and freedom inſpir'd,
It did all the buſineſs its owner requir'd.
A ſcull next appear'd — what a mine full of fun!
This man was a poet as ſure as a gun ;
Wit, taſte, ingenuity, there is enſhrin'd,
With chapters, and ballads, and letters combin'd.
What rich ſcenes of fancy adhere to the brains!
The ſcull I believe to the tongue appertains ;
But to judge by the TRUMPET that floats by its ſide,
The bleſſings of ſound to his ears were deny'd.

Two little red tongues next were caſt on the ſhore,
Beſides other members, (I warrant a ſcore,)

Theſe tongues to the laſt their perfection retain'd;—
Of youth, wit, and beauty, the all that remain'd
Was a ſound—a mere echo of what they once were,
So pretty! ſo muſical! jemmy! and fair!
To theſe, ev'n in death, one advantage belongs,
They charm all the SOLES in the deep, with their ſongs.
The ſyrens around them with energy preſs,
Their manners applaud, and their harmony bleſs;
The ſea-gulls and curlews their fortune deplore,
And with cries, flap their wings on the ſea-beaten ſhore.

But of all the odd ſights that appear'd on the land,
Was the ear of a DOG in a lady's fair hand,
Which graſping this bit of her favorite BOW WOW,
Seem'd anxious to keep it from harm, even now:
Her amiable temper this incident ſhews,
With her hand and her heart, warm benevolence goes,
Her heart the kind Nereids embalm in their cell,
And decree it with comfort and quiet to dwell;
In their choral abodes it will meet with a home,
And its virtues will flouriſh beyond the cold tomb.

Come, tritons! come dolphins! and gentle ſea gods!
Ye mermaids! deſert your cerulean abodes;
Let your ſhells thro' old Neptune's dominions reſound,
Let vour treſſes with ſea-weeds and coral be crown'd;
Aſſiſt me the laſt mournful rites to perform,
And ſcreen the poor vagabond members from ſtorm.

For ME the ſad taſk is allotted, to ſtrew
Around them the willow, the cypreſs, and yew,
The merits and fate of my friends to declare,
And drop o'er their reliques a ſorrowful tear,
A funeral dirge for their ſakes to compoſe,
And their hapleſs remains in a grave to encloſe.

Inſtead of regaling the ſharks in the deep,
Bewail'd by the Muſe, in the ſand they ſhall ſleep;
While ****** their horrible end may relate,
And embelliſh that part of his book with a plate,
Wherein the whole ſtory, with accurate care,
By Bunbury ſketch'd, in due place will appear.

Verſes ſent with a Tunbridge-ware Bruſh, to the EARL *of* S———.

1781.

ACCEPT, my dear Lord! from the hand of a friend,
A ſervant whoſe manners I dare recommend;
So ſilent he is, he can never offend you,
So faithful, for years he will gratis attend you.
When you travel, a pleaſant companion he'll prove,
And quietly follow wherever you rove:
Plac'd ſnug in your pocket, he'll ſeldom appear,
Except in the midſt of a duſty career,
His utility then will compleatly be try'd,
When once to your hat or your ſhoe he's apply'd.

Oh! may he, bleſt genius of health! from this hour
Acquire, by thy aid, an unlimited power;
No longer to hats, ſhoes, and buckles confin'd,
May his uſes be found of ſuperlative kind;
May he bruſh the complaints of his maſter aſide,
And health, by the bleſſing of heaven, provide.

To AMORET.

1781.

YES! to thy charms of face and air,
The prize is juſtly due;
Tho' others are perhaps as fair,
I fix my choice on YOU.

In ſome bright nymph we meet with eyes
That never fail to pleaſe;
Some by ſoft ſmiles our hearts ſurprize,
And ſome by graceful eaſe.

Portia has dignity of form,
But we deteſt her pride;
Amanda's face wears ev'ry charm,
Yet, wiſdom is deny'd.

Meliſſa's voice can ſooth the ear,
Her melting ſounds delight;
Yet, when we ſee the maid appear,
We own ſhe is a fright.

When Merdamante leads the dance,
We praiſe her ſprightly air,
But find her full of ignorance,
When we addreſs the fair.

Delia has wiſdom, I agree,
But is a formal prude;
Chloris affects ſeverity,
Yet, can be free and rude.

Celinda's features pleaſing are,
Yet, ſhe's an arrant ſcold;
Fulvia is faithful and ſincere,
But looks extremely old.

Wit dwells on Ammabella's ſpeech,
And learning rules her pen;
Yet, all her logic cannot teach
Her eyes to charm the men.

Doris, with heav'nly temper bleſt,
Is ſtupid as a poſt;—
Tho' virtue reigns in Mira's breaſt,
She ne'er will be a toaſt.

Chloe appears for ever kind,
Complying, meek, and civil;
But thoſe who know her real mind,
Swear ſhe's a little devil.

Cynthia is full of mirth and wit,
Yet, tho' we laugh, we hate her,
For fear we ſhou'd ourſelves be hit
By her provoking ſatire.

Corinna is a wild coquette,
A ſtrange, fantaſtic creature;
And Philomedé, on the fret,
Shews ſymptoms of ill nature.

But lovely Amoret! in thee,
Beauty and worth combine —
The Muſe, in frank ſincerity,
Declares the palm is thine.

Thy ſmile can ſteal the heart away,
Thy voice delights the ear;
Thy cloudleſs mind is ever gay,
Thy form divinely fair.

In temper and in ſenſe complete,
Accompliſh'd, good, and kind,
We think thy face, with charms replete,
The picture of thy mind.

Sent to TWO LADIES, *with ſome ivory Meaſures.*

TO you, my dear friends!
The Muſe humbly ſends
Theſe trifles, created at Dieppe;
For love of the donor,
Pray do me the honour
The poor little travellers to keep.

Yet, think not I mean
By theſe ſhou'd be ſeen
The extent of SABINA's affection:
The taſk wou'd be hard
To meaſure regard,
Which will bear the minuteſt inſpection.

That tyrant old TIME,
Who in ev'ry clime
Is deſtructive to beauty and pleaſure,
Amidſt all the ruin
He daily is doing,
Cannot wind up my love like a meaſure.

So great is his power,
We ſee ev'ry hour
What terrible work he can do ;
But he cannot impart
A change to my heart,
Nor alter my friendſhip for YOU.

The SHAWL's *Addreſs to* MELANIA.

THOUGH no internal charms I own,
Yet, do not view me with a frown;
For friendſhip, MADAM! ſent me here,
To hang upon your elbow chair.

Light tho' I am as any feather,
I'm reckon'd in the coldeſt weather
A very comfortable cloak—
(Nay, do not laugh! I'm not in joke!)
Tho' I ſo thin and ſmall appear,
Yet I am very warm to wear;
And if you to a party venture,
When in the drawing room you enter,
For fear you there ſhou'd chance to drop me,
Into your pocket you may pop me.

'Tis now my lot to wait on you—
Once on a camel's back I grew,
Who travers'd the Arabian ſands,
And fed on Egypt's fertile lands;
Till forc'd to be the ſlave of man,
My metamorphoſis began.

Doom'd from my priſtine ſtate to fall,
By hands barbaric made a ſhawl,
By art's invention bleach'd and wrought,
And from my native climate brought,
My deſtiny directs me hither,
To keep you warm in froſty weather:
Deign then an humble gift to take,
And wear it for the donor's ſake.

On LORD MANSFIELD'S *leaving Tunbridge Wells.*

October 3, 1785.

THE Muſe, quite deſponding, and almoſt in tears,
Like a tragedy queen, on the pantiles appears;
For Mansfield ſhe mourns on theſe comfortleſs walks,
Of Mansfield ſhe thinks, and of Mansfield ſhe talks;
Whilſt a circle of friends, who their grief cannot ſmother,
Are rivals no more, but condole with each other;
And ſince the contention of pleaſing is o'er,
The general loſs they unite to deplore.
Fair Margaret looks grave, Lady Ann is grown ſad,
As for me — but my face in a veil muſt be clad;
Neither pencil nor pen can attain to the art
Of painting thoſe feelings that glow in the heart.

Since therefore to talk of my grief wou'd be vain,
Let me try my affectionate hopes to explain;
Let me ſpeak of unanimous wiſhes ſincere,
That Mansfield again at the Wells may appear.
In his abſence, wit, genius, and ſcience decay,
Mirth ſpreads her light wings, and is vaniſh'd away;
The Virtues, the Graces, the Muſes complain,
For want of the ſage who enliven'd their train;
And Friendſhip laments, while ſhe leans on MY PEN,
The kindeſt of friends, and the wiſeſt of men.

On a BARONET *having ſaid he ſhou'd like to be attended by Twelve* FEMALE SERVANTS *at Dinner.*

WHO wou'd not wiſh to ſee the ſight?
Twelve damſels to attend the Knight!
And all with comely features!
Sure Jove in his imperial ſtate,
Had not ſo many nymphs to wait,
(Tho' Jove lov'd pretty creatures.)

In days of yore, ſome beauteous dame,
Ambitious of an heroine's name,
Claſp'd on her lover's mail;
And demoiſelles, like 'ſquires array'd,
With their belov'd Knight Errants ſtray'd,
Thro' many a loneſome vale.

The times are chang'd — Sir John, 'tis true,
Eſſays old methods to renew,
With women ſtout and able;
Not that they faſten armour on,
(As Amazonian nymphs have done;)
They'll only grace his table.

But ah, beware! Sir John, beware!
Nor draw your friends into a ſnare;
(Your friends who mean to carve:)
Thoſe who ſhou'd eat and drink will ſtare,
And gazing on the rival fair,
Amidſt profuſion ſtarve.

Nor will that only ill enſue—
Such a monopoly by you,
Of women fit for trades,
Will make the premier interfere,
Cauſe luxuries to be more dear,
And raiſe the tax on maids.

On the Marriage of E. H. Esq., *to the* Right Hon. Lady L. N*****.

THE fat, the lean, the fair, the brown,
Each celebrated belle in town
Had H***** for a lover;
He join'd the emulative crowd
Who endleſs love to Celia vow'd—
But ſoon her reign was over.

With brighter eyes Clarinda came,
And ſet his boſom in a flame,
Too fierce to laſt for ever;
He next admir'd Myrtilla's grace,
Swore conſtancy to Leſbia's face,
But prov'd a mere deceiver.

Pariſian nymphs and Britiſh dames,
Alike upon his heart had claims,
And put him in a fever;
For, like a cullinder, his heart
Had holes enough for ev'ry dart
That came from Cupid's quiver.

This giddy, noiſy, merry creature,
Was the true picture of good-nature,
Nor wanted ſenſe or merit;
Yet was no ſquirrel in its cage
More difficult to render ſage,
More briſk, or full of ſpirit.

A heart ſo fickle who cou'd fix?
The monkey play'd a thouſand tricks;
From houſe to houſe he rambled:
Whene'er a lady made a nooſe,
He found ſome method to get looſe,
And off the creature ſcrambled.

But when, Louiſa! thou wert ſeen,
With pleaſing unaffected mien,
By Venus ſent to gain him;
Thy worth, thy ſenſe, his mind approv'd,
Thy manners, and thy charms he lov'd,
And gave thee leave to chain him.

(Thus does the bee from flower to flower,
Range o'er the circle of the bower,
In his purſuits divided;
But, if he finds the blooming roſe,
The value of her charms he knows,
And is at once decided.)

On Sir JOSHUA REYNOLD's *Picture of the* Nymph *and* Cupid, *with a* Snake *in the Graſs.*

Reason.

ARISE, fair nymph! and come with me;
These ſhades with poiſon are infected;
Among the graſs a ſnake I ſee,
And Cupid I have juſt detected.

Ah, nymph! that boy in miſchief deals—
I tremble at your ſituation;
Already to your breaſt he ſteals,
Fraught with the arts of captivation.

Nymph.

Ere I with your commands comply,
Pray, let me underſtand my danger;
Stern Reaſon! wherefore muſt I fly,
And leave this little merry ſtranger?

Manners that pleaſe, and looks that ſpeak,
Adorn the dear bewitching creature;
A bluſh ſits on his dimpled cheek,
Dimpled by ſmiles of ſweet good-nature.

He's much too harmleſs to annoy,
And 'twou'd be cruel to diſmiſs him;
Nor can I chide the playful boy,
While he ſolicits me to kiſs him.

In vain YOU preach, when HE perſuades—
Tho' you are angry, I muſt bear it;
I find no poiſon in theſe ſhades—
I ſee no ſnake,—nor do I fear it.

I ought your maxims to obey;
But love's advice I long to follow—
Yes, pretty boy! I'm thine TO-DAY,
And, Reaſon—I'll be yours TO-MORROW.

SYLVIA.

PERFECT in ev'ry requiſite to pleaſe,
Endow'd with ſenſe, with elegance, and eaſe,
Near yonder mill a beauteous nymph reſides,
Enrich'd by gifts that Nature's hand provides,
Like Venus, with the graces for her guides.

Oft, when the melancholy nightingale,
Perch'd on the buſh, begins her tuneful tale,
Enamour'd by the ſound of Sylvia's tongue,
She ſtops — and liſtens to her ſweeter ſong.
No cares, no tumults diſcompoſe the grove,
Embelliſh'd by the Muſe, and virtuous love.
Ye ſwains, with oaten reeds aſſiſt my lay,
Due homage unto lovely Sylvia pay.

The Death of the SPIDER.

AH, Sylviana! cruel fair!
Wherefore ſo lovely, and ſevere?
Thoſe beauteous features form'd ſerene,
That gentle voice, and placid mien,
Accords but ill with cruelty,
And ſhews, for once, deceit in thee.
Can radiant eyes, and fingers white,
In ſo much tyranny delight?
Ah! whither is ſoft pity flown!
What had the hapleſs inſect done,
That Sylvia ſhou'd divide his thread,
And doom the poor mechanic dead;
Ev'n in his loom ſhou'd ſtrike the blow,
And lay his manufacture low?

You ſay, the crime for which he dies,
Was cruelty in catching flies:—
If for this crime his death was due,
Think, Sylvia! what muſt wait on YOU.
The ſpider in the nets he made,
His ingenuity diſplay'd;
'Twas Nature taught him how to ſpin
His nets ſo dextrouſly and thin;

He liv'd by induſtry alone,
And did what all your ſex have done.

Your cruel eyes, injurious fair!
Have been a moſt deſtructive ſnare;
Entangled in the net of love,
The poiſon of their beams we prove:
Unable mercy to obtain,
Or break the faſcinating chain,
We feel the rigours of your power,
And blame the foe whom we adore.
A thouſand hearts in bondage lie,
Unable to reſiſt your eye,
Condemn'd to ſee you frown ſevere,
And blaſt their wiſhes by deſpair.

The fly is ſoon releas'd from pain,
But we a life of woe ſuſtain:
Which then has been the moſt to blame,
The ſpider, or the cruel dame?
They equal miſchief can impart!
One kills by NATURE, one by ART.

On MATILDA.

If ſweet good-humour, meekneſs, diffidence,
Candour, and virtue, rectitude and ſenſe;
A heart where virtue and diſcretion meet,
Devoid of error, and above deceit;
A mind where Nature has her bounty ſhew'd,
A face as lovely, as the mind is good;
A temper cloudleſs as the eaſtern ſkies,
A conduct unaffected, chaſte, and wiſe;
An artleſs look, an elegance of form,
Zeal to oblige, without the aim to charm;
True modeſty that ne'er expects applauſe,
And principles that follow virtue's laws;
If theſe are merits, fair Matilda's name
Shou'd be exalted in the liſts of fame.
To HER thoſe merits, and thoſe charms belong,
Recorded in the poet's faithful ſong;
Herſelf unconſcious of her worth alone,
Will be the laſt the character to own,
While ev'ry friend to virtue will aver,
Altho' the portrait much reſembles her,
Yet does the fair original excel
All that my pencil, or my pen can tell.

To FRANCES JULIA.

April 1779.

TO that fair nymph, whoſe pleaſing manners tend
To gain the lover, and to keep the friend;
Whoſe gentle nature, undefil'd by art,
Perſuades the reaſon, whilſt it charms the heart;
Whoſe ſenſe and judgement equally conſpire
To make her what we muſt or ſhou'd admire,
Who, ever conſtant to the golden mean,
In each exceſs of faſhion, ſtays between;
Not prudiſhly preciſe, nor always gay,
But gay or grave, as reaſon points the way;
Attentive, kind, and uniformly good,
For greatneſs fit, becauſe with worth endow'd,
Who wears a mine of virtues in her breaſt—
To HER this humble tribute is addreſt.

Written for a DRUID's *Cell at Barn Elms in Surry.*

1779.

STAY, paſſenger! and viewe a Druid's cell,
Where neither gayity nor pomp invites:—
Comfort with grandeure dothe not always dwell,
But oft in humble cottages delyghtes.

I boaſt no gylded walls, no paynted dome—
Theſe oaks and miſletoe are dear to me;
My furniture is wove in Nature's loome,
My wealth is innocence, and lybertie.

Come then! and muſe within this calm retreat,
(Forgetting, what the world calls gay or fine;)
I envy not the ſplendeure of the great—
Let FORTUNE be THEIR boaſt,—content is MINE.

A DRUID.

On an Oriental PLANE TREE.

THOU matchleſs tree! to whom I owe
The inſpiration of my quill,
Permit theſe ruſtic marks to ſhew
The grateful ſentiments I feel.

The gawdy tulip's changeful hue,
The blooming roſe, that ſoon decays,
The violet, deck'd with tranſient blue,
Shall never rob thee of my praiſe;

For thou one conſtant garb doth wear,
Throughout the ſummer clad in green;
Renew'd by ev'ry growing year,
The ſame thy leafy boughs are ſeen.

Ah! may the forked lightnings ſpare
Thy bark — may neither wind or rain
The beauty of thy leaves impair,
Till winter ſtrews them o'er the plain.

Long may thoſe verdant branches ſpread,
Superior unto other trees;
May morn her ſofteſt dew-drop ſhed,
And give to thee her earlieſt breeze.

And whilſt the thruſh and linnet's ſong
Are echo'd through the winding grove;
May turtles coo thy boughs among,
And dedicate the tree to love.

Verſes preſented to the COUNTESS *of* S., *by a Gentleman (in the Character of a* CHINESE PHILOSOPHER,) *the Night ſhe admitted Maſks.*

1779.

TO YOU, whoſe ſmiles invite us to repair
Where gay good-humour, eaſe, and pleaſure reign,
An eaſtern bard indites his humble lay,
And S*********'s name ſhall decorate the ſtrain.

Far from theſe happy walls may anguiſh fly!
May mirth and pleaſure here their vigils keep!
Unknown be ſorrow's unavailing ſigh!
Baniſh'd the eyes, that only wake to weep!

Beneath this roof may grief be never found—
Nor pain, nor gloomy care, here gain acceſs;
And be thy hours, Alicia! ever crown'd
With roſeate health, and perfect happineſs.

Verſes written for the Character of a DRYAD, *at a Maſquerade.*

1783.

FROM diſtant foreſts, from my native home,
Entic'd by curioſity, I come,
And quit my ſiſter Dryads for a night,
To rove where noiſe and mirth my ſteps invite.

I've liv'd in comfort, and ſecurity,
Within the trunk of a majeſtic tree,
Beneath the ſhade of whoſe expanded boughs
Reclining lovers breathe their amorous vows;
There, (whilſt the woodlark, with ſucceſs elate,
Sings in wild notes to his reſponſive mate,)
The ſhepherd pipes upon his oaten reed,
To win a ſmile from the enamour'd maid;
But ſoon, in ſearch of novelty he roves,
And thoſe who laſt he ſees, the moſt he loves.

Offended by ſuch frequent proofs of change,
To ſcenes remote I was reſolv'd to range,
Forſook my darling oak, with ivy twin'd,
By hoary moſs, and miſletoe enſhrin'd;
Forſook the ſylvan ſhades, in hopes to ſee
In town, ſome inſtances of conſtancy.

But ah! already I perceive, in vain
I left the ſhady oak, the peaceful plain;
In rural ſcenes, tho' we ſo often find
The ſwains inconſtant, when the nymphs are kind;
Yet HERE, if men vouchſafe to talk of love,
They feign a paſſion which they do not prove.
'Tis very modiſh to affect a ſigh,
And follow her who has the brighteſt eye;
But vanity and ſelf-love only, preſs
The courtly BEAUX to ſpeak of tenderneſs;
With buckles, ſword-knots, whiſkers, and cockades,
They think to captivate admiring maids;
On dreſs alone, for conſequence depend,
And, if they wou'd be HEROES — fight a FRIEND:
On horſes, wine, and cards, their fortunes waſte,
And Siddons only, juſtifies their taſte.

Then let me to my peaceful oak repair,
Tranquillity, at leaſt, will meet me there:
Ah! if inconſtancy muſt rule the heart,
Let it ariſe from NATURE, not from ART;
Truth to profeſs, when falſehood they deſign,
Suits not with Gothic ſentiments like mine;
I ſcorn the language flattery ſupplies,
And thoſe prefer, who never wear diſguiſe.

STREPHON's DREAM.

BRIGHT Peribæa! deign to hear
What love impells me to declare;
With pity think of Strephon's fate,
And end thoſe pangs which you create.

From a ſtrange dream my woes ariſe—
Laſt night, when ſleep had clos'd my eyes,
Within a cloſe ſequeſter'd grove
Methought I ſaw the god of love.
Aſleep beneath the chequer'd ſhade,
On fragrant verdure he was laid;
The graſs his purple pinions preſt,
And gentle zephyrs fann'd his breaſt;
His bow upon a tree was hung,
His quiver on the ground was flung.

Thought I, the lucky hour is come
When I may regulate thy doom;
Pernicious boy! who hath decreed
So many tender hearts to bleed,
Thoſe fatal arrows I will ſteal,
To teach thee what thy victims feel;
And, as a puniſhment that's due,
My firſt eſſay ſhall be on YOU;

Henceforth to me they appertain,
And thou ſhalt mourn the theft in vain.

I ſaid — and ſoftly from the tree
Unty'd the bow — with bended knee,
I took the quiver from the ground,
And choſe a dart to give the wound:
Then I invok'd a thouſand names
Of thoſe who burn'd with hopeleſs flames;
Adjuring Juno to preſide,
And gratify her rage and pride,
To take revenge on ſleeping love,
For all the naughty tricks of Jove;
Then in the moſt obſequious manner,
I begg'd aſſiſtance from Diana,
And with a cautious aim, I bent
The bow, and thence the arrow ſent.

But form'd of a celeſtial mould,
Invulnerable, hard, and cold,
His ſtubborn breaſt repell'd the blow —
The brittle ſhaft was broke in two;
And, ſad to tell, the barbed dart
Recoil'd — and pierc'd my trembling heart.

Too late, my raſh attempt I mourn'd,
Too late, the power of Cupid own'd.
Oft I endeavour'd, but in vain,
To extract the point, and eaſe my pain;
The bow my feeble hand forſook,
The urchin laugh'd, and I awoke.

Yet waking, I, aſtoniſh'd, found
My heart was ſmarting with a wound,
A wound by Peribæa made,
When we laſt night at tric-trac play'd;
While Cupid ſtood behind her chair,
And ſeem'd to whiſper in her ear:
" Tho' Strephon ev'ry fiſh has won,
" The gain will ſhortly be your own."

To ELIZA.

WHEN you no more have power to pleaſe
By artleſs elegance and eaſe;
When that dear guileleſs heart ſhall grow
Cold as the Pyrenean ſnow;
Light and inconſtant as the wind,
Artful, capricious, and unkind,
Devoid of honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And ev'ry claim to excellence,
Then will Eliza ceaſe to be
Thus tenderly eſteem'd by me;
(Whoſe friendſhip ev'ry thing defies,
But cold neglect — and mean diſguiſe.)

On peruſing an Ode written by

WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

On his return to England.

NO wonder that the ſkilful pen,
Of one amongſt the beſt of men,
His noble ſoul diſplays;
He in whoſe boſom virtue dwells,
Can beſt deſcribe the thoughts he feels,
When virtue claims his praiſe.

Haſtings! to thee applauſe is due—
Whoſe anxious care, whoſe utmoſt view,
Was ſtill the public good;
Wealth, power, and all their tempting train,
Strove to engage thy mind in vain,
Thy mind with worth endu'd.

No thorns ſhall from thy pillow ſpring,
Nor conſcience feel a poignant ſting,
From retroſpective ſcenes;
Thy memory, when ſhe backward treads,
From thy diſintereſted deeds,
A ſecret pleaſure gleans.

Thou ne'er haſt with tyrannic hand
Spread deſolation o'er the land,
  Or taught the poor to weep;
Thy breaſt no keen remorſe can know,
Nor pangs that from diſhonour flow,
  Nor care "that murders ſleep."

To bleſs has been thy glorious aim—
The worthy, (not the great,) cou'd claim
  A patronage from thee;
No oſtentatious love of power
Cou'd ever gain dominion o'er
  A mind from error free.

Thoſe who amaſs unbounded ſtore,
May in their proſperous ſtate be poor
  In virtue, and in fame;
But thou, of higher wealth poſſeſt,
Haſt brought this treaſure from the eaſt,
  An uncorrupted name.

This Ode was written previous to the Proſecution of Mr. Haſtings, and was founded upon the teſtimony given by many of Sir Charles Raymond's friends in India, of Mr. Haſtings's exemplary conduct.

On a Drawing repreſenting CUPID *upon a Rock, looking on the Sea, and his Bow and Arrow floating on the Waves.*

CUPID's *Lamentation.*

AH! woe is me — ah! fatal day —
A wave has waſh'd my bow away;
Both bow and arrow now are hurl'd
To Neptune's deep and ſtormy world:
I laid them cloſely by my ſide,
But whilſt I ſlept, the treach'rous tide
Has robb'd me of thoſe precious things,
And damp'd the feathers of my wings;
Far from my ſight my bow is borne,
Nor dare I hope it ſhou'd return.

" Thou fretful being," Venus crys,
" Learn to be patient, calm, and wiſe;
" In vain the elements combine
" To hurt thoſe attributes of thine:
" Can ſtormy winds or billows prove
" Deſtructive to the power of love?
" Still o'er the waves thy magic bow,
" Thy feather'd dart unhurt will go,

" Till, weary of the uſeleſs freight,
" The tide its refluent courſe ſhall take,
" And caſt them back upon the ſhore,
" That thou mayſt pine and weep no more.

" Meantime, Eliza's eyes ſhall prove
" Aſſiſtant to the god of love;
" Their dazzling beams ſhall conquer hearts,
" And ſerve the purpoſe of your darts."

An Addreſs to KENWOOD.

YE happy ſcenes! by taſte improv'd,
By all the friends of virtue lov'd,
Who reverence Mansfield's name;
Whilſt wiſdom, learning, worth, receives
That praiſe the mind diſcerning gives,
Thy groves will merit fame:

For oft by yon pellucid ſtream,
The great inſpirer of my theme
Has been obſerv'd to ſtray;
There, pour'd inſtruction on the ear,
Or mourn'd with thoſe who penſive were,
Or laugh'd among the gay.

His brow was never ſeen to frown,
Save when ſuch glaring deeds were known
As wore a fraudful dye;
Then did the wretch, appal'd with fear,
Behold him as a Judge ſevere,
And dread his piercing eye.

He temper'd dignity with eaſe,
Knew how to awe, and how to pleaſe,
How blend reſpect with love;
He cheer'd the timid with a ſmile,
The ſad cou'd of their cares beguile,
The guilty wou'd reprove.

Again he ſeeks your tranquil ſhades,
Ah! haſten, ye Aonian maids!
And tune the lyric ſtring;
With ſounds harmonious ſooth his ear,
Ye flowers! with gayer tints appear,
Ye birds! more ſweetly ſing.

Yet, vain is all the bloom of ſpring,
In vain the choral warblers ſing
To thoſe with pain oppreſt;
Hear then, oh! hear the Muſe's prayer,
Hygeia! haſte to meet him there,
And long remain his gueſt.

To Miss L——.

December 1787.

SPORTIVE Being! airy form!
Faſhion'd to inſpire and charm,
Faſhion'd to engage the heart,
Tell me, tell me, what thou art?
Art thou Hebe in diſguiſe?
(With playful ſmiles, and ſparkling eyes,)
Fancy ever on the wing?
Feſtive glee? or blooming ſpring?
A dancing nymph on Ida born?
A ſylph? a fairy? or the morn?
Frolic mirth? (that knows not care,)
A flower transform'd? "or painted air?"

All that can enthral and pleaſe,
Native elegance, and eaſe,
Innocence that, free from guile,
Directs the tongue, and prompts the ſmile,
Naivetē with politeneſs blending,
Taſte, and manners unpretending,
Chearfulneſs that ſorrow chaces,
Animated looks and graces;
Theſe are in thy face diſplay'd,
Theſe are thine, engaging maid!

See the jocund nymph advances!
Lightly on the green ſhe dances;
Hark! I hear the valleys ring—
Hark! ſhe wakes the tuneful ſtring.
Now I know the laughing fair,
Faſhion, 'tis thy fav'rite care,
'Tis one diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
'Tis Lockhart *—"by the graces dreſt."

* Miſs Maria Thereſa Lockhart, afterwards married to Sir Charles Roſs, Bart.

To the ſame, with an ALMANACK.

Throughout the term of the ſucceeding year,
For you, may ev'ry day ſerene appear!
Not clad in ſable, but of brilliant hue;
Your pleaſures many, diſappointments few:
Health your attendant, whereſo'er you roam,
And Peace, companion of your hours, at home.

On the Picture of SOPHONISBA.

(Who is repreſented reading a Letter, and the Cup of Poiſon plac'd by her.)

FROM Sophoniſba's eye the tear deſcends,
As the dire purport of thoſe lines ſhe reads;
Whilſt o'er the fatal page the mourner bends,
From her ſoft cheek the vernal bloom recedes.

No words of mild perſuaſive love appear,
The cruel pen no comfort can ſupply;
She finds a melancholy ſentence there,
Obeys the ſtern command, and learns to die.

On AMARANTHA.

A Generous temper, and a heart ſincere,
A ſportive fancy, and a judgement clear,
Wit without malice, ſenſe without parade,
Manners that pleaſe, and eyes that can perſuade,
A tongue which eloquence and truth inſpire,
And looks and ſmiles, which all her friends admire;
By theſe, the nymph for whom I form my ſong,
May be diſtinguiſh'd in the buſy throng:
To her this trifle I preſume to ſend,
Due to ſo generous, and ſo kind a friend.

A thouſand wiſhes in the pacquet lie,
Gay as her ſmile, and brilliant as her eye;
Health, peace, and joy, may Amarantha prove,
And know the force, without the pain of love.
Devoid of ſorrow, ignorant of care,
Happy as wiſe, and innocent as fair,
May fortune crown, what fancy may create,
And all her hopes be realiz'd by fate.

ON THE SOUL.

A Subject propos'd by the EARL *of* A——.

WHILST others talk of mortal things,
My Muſe on light ethereal wings,
The immortal ſoul records;
Delights to count in beauty's eyes
The various feelings as they riſe,
Which ſcorn the power of words.

Some ſouls there are, which I have ſeen
Peep thro' the eye-lids full of ſpleen,
When they have loſt a VOLE;
Others, when dogs, or monkies die,
Breathe, in the compaſs of a ſigh,
Th' emotions of their ſoul.

The huntſman's ſoul is in his ear
When he aſſays the horn to hear,
And pants to join the chaſe;
The ſailor's ſoul is in his eye,
When firſt the land he can deſcry,
That bounds his native place.

The jovial bacchanalian ſoul
Delights to hover round the bowl,
And drown reflection's power;
He looks not farther than the table,
Imbibes the liquor while he's able,
Then dreams upon the floor.

Some I have known of tender frame,
Who languiſh at a lover's name,
And pine their lives away;
Whilſt others, in a jocund mood,
Think ev'ry path with roſes ſtrew'd,
And ev'ry month like May.

The grave, the philoſophic ſoul,
Whoſe thoughts on ſerious ſyſtems roll,
Each trifle muſt annoy;
The volatile, with out-ſtretch'd wings,
Floating on gay fantaſtic things,
Can airy hopes enjoy.

The peeviſh ſoul is prompt to teaze,
The playful ſoul deſires to pleaſe,
And bends a thouſand ways;
Th' ambitious ſpirit ſoars above,
Aims in a higher ſphere to move,
And vain ones covet praiſe.

But thoſe of more harmonic kind,
Who charms in melody can find,
Are faſhion'd to be bleſt;
Since Corydon with matchleſs art,
Attunes his muſic to the heart,
And ſooths its cares to reſt.

On planting a HONEYSUCKLE *at the foot of an* OAK.

NYMPH of the oak! vouchſafe to grant
Protection to a feeble plant,
Which aſks no happier fate to find,
Than round thy friendly trunk to wind.
Beneath thy ſpreading ſhade allow
Theſe leaves to ſhoot, theſe flowers to blow
So ſhall no hand barbaric dare
To rend thy leaves that time wou'd ſpare
To ſtrew thy acorns o'er the ground,
Or on thy bark inflict a wound.

To the POETIC LYRE.

MY long neglected lyre in vain I take —
From ev'ry ſtring diſcordant murmurs break ;
My thoughts of vanity like ſmoke expire,
Abaſh'd, diſmay'd, I thus addreſs the lyre :

" Oh thou! from whom, when others tune thy ſtrings,
" Pathetic notes, and ſweet expreſſion ſprings,
" Wherefore to me ſo cruelly ſevere,
" When to the Muſes I addreſs my prayer?"

I ſpake, and ſilent waited a reply —
A ſoft imperfect ſound was heard to ſigh
Thro' ev'ry trembling chord, — with fear I ſhook,
While from Apollo's lyre this ſentence broke :

" Conceited fool! no more for fame contend —
" On fancy's wings preſume not to depend ;
" Tho' rhymes may flow ſpontaneous from thy mind,
" Poetic thought, muſt be by TASTE refin'd.
" Thy lays may breathe the language of thy ſoul,
" But tuneful ſounds ſhou'd harmonize the whole ;
" Whilſt thoughts that charm, and reaſons that perſuade,
" Shou'd thro' their airy channels be convey'd.
" Yet, how can taſte and harmony be thine?
" Lo! muſic ſteals them from the penſive Nine,

" And, with a partial eye, Apollo views
" Thoſe votaries, whom moſt his ear amuſe."

" When on the ſtrings accompliſh'd Strephon plays,
" His taſte, his ſkill, admiring circles praiſe;
" Like fam'd Timotheus, he the art has found
" To rule the paſſions by the power of ſound.
" When ſoft and ſlow he ſtrikes the ſilver ſtrings,
" When to ſurrounding nymphs he ſweetly ſings,
" Silent, and ſad, the plaintive ſounds they hear,
" And Nature claims a ſympathetic tear;
" But when his varying numbers jocund flow,
" They long to form the gay and ſportive row,
" From him they learn both harmony and grace,
" Whilſt ſmiling joy appears in ev'ry face.

" When YOU, like Strephon, can the power diſplay
" To make the chearful ſad — the ſerious gay;
" Then ſhall your head with verdant bayes be crown'd,
" And FANCY triumph by the means of SOUND."

On the Anniverſary of the

EARL OF MANSFIELD'S BIRTH-DAY,

March 2, 1789.

(Written at the requeſt of a Friend.)

WHEN friendſhip whiſpers in my ear
A name that I ſo much revere,
  Can I to write refuſe?
Repeated poetry muſt tire,
But when 'tis friendſhip ſtrings the lyre,
  She recommends the Muſe.

Hail! happy day, of Mansfield's birth,
Hail! happy day, which ſent on earth
  A bleſſing to mankind,
Which gave to LAW ſo great a prize,
A Judge impartial, candid, wiſe,
  For public good deſign'd.

Him virtue tutor'd, genius fir'd,
His words by Hermes were inſpir'd,
His works * the Muſes lov'd;
Learning unfolded all her ſtores,
Fancy illum'd his leiſure hours,
And POPE † his thoughts approv'd.

With Ciceronian eloquence,
He argued ably in defence
Of merit when oppreſt.
From him the guilty wiſh'd to fly,
Afraid of that enquiring eye,
Benign to all the reſt.

Tho' from thoſe buſy ſcenes retir'd,
(Wherein his talents were admir'd
By all the juſt and wiſe,)
He ſtill with dignity and eaſe,
Can by his placid manners pleaſe,
And by his wit ſurprize.

* Alluding to Lord Mansfield having been a very elegant Poet in the juvenile part of his life.

† Mr. Pope was a friend of Lord Mansfield, and a particular admirer of his talents.

Vide Pope's Eſſay on Satire, Vol. III., Page 19.

" With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
" From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart."

Vide Epiſtle to Mr. Murray (now Earl of Mansfield,) Vol. IV. Page 125.

And what is fame? the meaneſt have their day,
The greateſt can but blaze and paſs away:
Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords,
Conſpicuous ſcene! another yet is nigh,
More ſilent far where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray, long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde.

Attach'd by ev'ry loyal tie
Of duty, love, and ſympathy,
His Sovereign's fate he mourn'd;
And now he feels a joy ſincere,
The bleſt intelligence to hear,
Which ſpeaks of health return'd.

When others, (for the times are ſtrange!)
Chamelion like, were ſeen to change,
He kept one ſteady plan.
The applauding Muſe delights to ſing
A ſubject worthy ſuch a King,
A wiſe and honeſt man!

On a STRAW SEAT *in a Garden.*

1789.

Sacrē à l'Amitiē.

TO Friendſhip let this ruſtic ſeat belong,
Which claims the tribute of my grateful ſong;
To peaceful thoughts, to tranquil joy ally'd,
Here may the harmonizing power preſide,
Invite each weary bird to reſt its wing,
The dove to coo, the nightingale to ſing;
And when cold winter deſolates the grove,
When roſes ceaſe to bloom, and birds to love,
When ev'ry thorn the gems of Nature wears,
(Form'd into chryſtal from Aurora's tears,)
The Robin ſtill the frozen ſcene may cheer,
And carol ſweet to the departing year,
Strive in wild notes the magic to prolong
That ever waits on melody of ſong,
And from this ſtrawy habitation ſing,
In jocund notes, a prelude to the ſpring.

On Lord NORTH, *(afterwards Earl of* Guildford.)

THOUGH darkneſs o'er the ſight may roll,
The bright, the heaven illumin'd ſoul,
Unalter'd will remain;
Ceaſe then, lamenting friendſhip! ceaſe
To wound the tender ear of peace
With thy deſponding ſtrain.

Tho' North appears of ſight bereft,
Ah! think what bleſſings fate has left,
To mitigate his woes;
When filial love, and friendly care,
Speak words of comfort to his ear,
And ſooth him to repoſe.

In golden days, that are no more,
In all his plenitude of power,
When courtiers preſs'd around,
Cou'd North diſtinguiſh half ſo well
The voice of honeſty and zeal,
From flattery's artful ſound?

No more an intereſted crew
Officiouſly his ſteps purſue,
And court his envy'd ſmile;
A few, (a choſen few) are found,
By ties of true affection bound,
His ſorrows to beguile.

If theſe, aſſiſtance can ſupply
To check the unavailing ſigh,
That memory may impell;
Repining thoughts will be ſuppreſt,
And in his clear unclouded breaſt,
Eternal ſunſhine dwell.

(No dull indifference there is found,
Indifference! careleſs of the wound
Ingratitude deſigns;
Too cold to feel when others ſigh,
Too far remov'd from ſympathy,
To grieve when merit pines.)

To North the happy powers belong,
Of brilliant thought, expreſſion ſtrong,
And eloquent debate;
His fancy ever on the wing,
His wit more apt to PLEASE than STING,
More urg'd by mirth than hate.

For NATURE taught his breaſt to glow—
Told him 'twas pleaſure to beſtow,
'Twas pain to be ſevere;
Whilſt art and ſcience took their part,
She kept her ſtation in his heart,
And cheriſh'd virtue there.

He ſtill can point the ready jeſt,
Can gladden ev'ry ſocial breaſt,
And in their bliſs rejoice;
Meet truths which not in courts are known,
And liſten to the ſoothing tone,
Of friendſhip's gentle voice.

For him, around the flowing bowl,
In gay hilarity of ſoul,
A grateful few may join;
There, taſte and fancy ſhall preſide,
There, genius mirthful tales provide,
And ſenſe with wit combine:

And oft, in ſuch convivial hour,
Shall muſic's harmonizing power
Her kind aſſiſtance bring;
When one * among the feſtive throng,
For him ſhall breathe the ſofteſt ſong,
And tune the ſweeteſt ſtring.

Meantime, the ſcenes of former ſtate,
Loud faction, tumult, and debate,
Like feveriſh dreams ſubſide;
And if remember'd, ſeem no more
Than the far diſtant leſs'ning roar,
That marks the refluent tide.

A. S. Eſq.

On the EARL *of* MANSFIELD's *Portrait painted by Sir* JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE artiſt well has drawn each graceful line,
And from his animating pencil thrown
Thoſe traits of wiſdom which conſpicuous ſhine,
To mark a ſpirit deſtin'd for renown.

Deep learning, thought profound, and judgement ſtrong,
Temper'd with mild ſerenity, is there;
A ſweet expreſſion to thoſe eyes belong,
Unlike the ſcornful glance, the look ſevere.

Each ſoft affection gives a nameleſs grace—
There candour ſpeaks, and amity benign;
Theſe ſocial virtues beaming from the face,
REYNOLDS! thy pencil only cou'd deſign.

While memory laſts, this matchleſs proof of ſkill
Another trophy to THY fame will raiſe;
Thy works of fancy muſt enchant us ſtill,
But this demands our more immediate praiſe.

Long may the wiſe original appear
The boaſt and wonder of a grateful age;
An age that muſt the character revere,
Which forms an able Judge, a virtuous Sage.

On the EGYPTIAN ARUM, *alias the* CALLA ÆTHIOPICA.

BOSCAWEN's hand this plant beſtow'd,
A plant I cheriſh and revere;
Gift of a friend ſo wiſe and good,
With pride I ſee thee ſtation'd here.

Cou'dſt thou with equal beauty bloom,
As ſhe, with converſe can delight,
Then wou'd each Virtuoſo come
To view, and to admire the ſight.

But ah! tranſplanted from a ſoil
Where Thomſon * ſang, where ſenſe reſides,
Will not thy tender leaves recoil,
At what thy deſtiny provides?

Degraded from thy former ſtate
Wilt thou not ſecretly repine?
And ſick'ning at the ills of fate,
With grief thy graceful head recline?

Yet, timid ſtranger! be aſſur'd,
No hand profane thy ſtem ſhall break;
Here, thy aſylum is ſecur'd —
I prize thee for the DONOR's ſake.

* Thomſon the Poet reſided at Roſedale, now the property of the Honourable Mrs. Boſcawen.

On ſeeing LADY LUCAN's *Miniatures, and her Collection of Limnings painted by herſelf, for Lord* SPENCER's *Shakeſpeare.*

WHEN Lucan paints, the arts attend,
With harmonizing power to blend
The tints, and trace the line;
Fancy and ſkill, together vie,
They point her pencil, guide her eye,
And bleſs the great deſign.

Lo! Raphael, Guido, Titian, here
In imitated charms appear,
And ſeem again to live;
While thoſe * who never ought to die,
(If genius gain'd eternity,)
Their kind aſſiſtance give.

Science delighted, views the ſcene,
Points to the heroes who have been
Extoll'd by SHAKESPEARE's pen;
Some, who by deeds in arms were known,
Some, who like Spencer †, nobly ſhone,
As wiſe and virtuous men.

* The Honourable Horace Walpole, and Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

† Earl Spencer.

Immortal BARD! receive thy meed—
This trophy ſhall by far exceed
All thou haſt won before;
A work like this, from ſuch a hand,
And ſo beſtow'd, will praiſe command,
Till genius is no more.

On STRAWBERRY HILL.

HAIL, ſacred ſhades! by ev'ry Muſe rever'd!
By ev'ry grace embelliſh'd and endear'd!
Hail, gothic ſcenes! where the aſtoniſh'd ſight
Finds ART and Nature happily unite;
Where proud antiquity attention gains,
Where ſcience flouriſhes, and pleaſure reigns.

Lo! on the canvas glows the damaſk cheek!
Eyes ſeem to ſparkle, roſy lips to ſpeak;
Each character is repreſented there,
The ſtrictly virtuous, the divinely fair:
Men priz'd for talents, or for valour known,
Are by the painter's mimic pencil ſhewn;
All that fond love, or cool reſpect engage,
The ſmiling angel! and the ſerious ſage!
Symbols of war, and chivalry appear —
The creſted hauberk, and the pointed ſpear;
Monaſtic reliques carv'd in days of yore,
And legends fill'd with deep and learned lore.
Here fancy needs no airy viſions paint,
For TASTE ſupplys whate'er the eye can want;
The gay ENCHANTRESS waves her magic wand,
And ſculpture triumphs by a female hand *;
Thro' HER, we ſee accompliſh'd Lucan † ſhine,
Thro' HER, fair Spencer ‡ forms the gay deſign:

* The Honourable Mrs. Damer.
† The Right Honourable Lady Lucan.
‡ Counteſs Spencer.

She bids another Nymph from Nature trace,
The rural landſcape, or the beauteous face,
Gives ſtrong expreſſion to each graceful line,
And blends ſweet eaſe with accurate deſign. —
The friendly phantom aids the work unſeen,
And lends to ev'ry leaf a brighter green:
The vivid colours that her hand beſtows,
Shine on the wheat, and bloom upon the roſe,
Till the gay variegated garland proves,
Worthy of Beauclerc's * taſte, and Walpole's groves.

Nor to ſuch germs of fancy, are confin'd
The treaſur'd wonders in theſe walls enſhrin'd;
A thouſand rarities the ſight amaze,
A thouſand ſpecimens of beauty blaze;
Soft o'er the circle faſcination ſteals,
And the eye banquets, while the boſom feels.

If more is wanting to compleat the feaſt,
Walpole himſelf will furniſh out the reſt;
For, like his verſe, his manners can diſpenſe
Inſtruction, pleaſure, wit, and eloquence.

Reſign, enthuſiaſtic Muſe! the theme —
Nor of high flights, or Bays poetic, dream;
Tho' Walpole's genius, eagle-like, preſumes
From fame's broad wing to pluck the brighteſt plumes;
The only merit that my verſe can claim,
Is a vain wiſh to celebrate his name —
How vain the wiſh! ſuperior Muſes weave
For him, the faireſt wreathe that fame can give;
Yet, this apology my lay ſhall bear,
That none who praiſe him, can be more SINCERE.

* The Right Honourable Lady Diana Beauclere.

THE PRIZE, A BALLAD.

(Founded on a true Story,) dedicated to the Earl of MANSFIELD.

" ARISE, my love! my pretty maid!
" My own betrothed ſpouſe;
" The morning gray peeps o'er the hills,
" And the zephyr mildly blows.

" Ariſe, my love! my Suſan, riſe!
" And put on thy ſmarteſt geer,
" For this is the day when in Alſtrop town
" The prettieſt maids appear.

" To her who ſhall moſt votes obtain,
" A prize from the laird is due;
" And my heart preſages, gentle maid!
" The prize will be given to you.

" Your father will conduct us there,
" And my mother bids me ſay,
" I muſt bring you to her cottage door,
" That ſhe may make you gay."

At Suſan's window William ſpake,
" His well-known voice ſhe heard,"
And gladly haſten'd to attend
The youth her heart preferr'd.

Her father of his child was vain,
(And vain he well might be,)
Among the belles of Alſtrop Wells,
He Suſan wiſh'd to ſee.

A double pillion he prepar'd
His daughter to convey,
And William rode beſide the pair,
And pointed out the way.

At length they ſaw a pleaſant vale,
They mark'd a winding wood,
And riſing ſmoak the ſign diſplay'd,
That there a dwelling ſtood:

And lo! a neat ſequeſter'd cot
Cloſe to the wood was ſeen,
A flowery mead, a limpid ſtream,
Improv'd the tranquil ſcene.

"Ah, calm retreat!" fair Suſan cries,
"My utmoſt wiſh wou'd be
"In ſuch a cottage to reſide,
"And ſhare it, love! with thee.

"Methinks thro' yon majeſtic trees,
"I ſee a church appear —
"But tell me, father! tell me, pray!
"Why do we tarry here?"

She ſaid — ſhe ſaw her lover ſmile,
And haſte to the cottage door;
He brought his mother to the maid,
Whom ſhe ne'er had ſeen before.

Old Dorcas on the damſel gaz'd,
Admir'd her native grace,
And read the virtues of her mind,
Stamp'd on an angel's face.

Charm'd with the choice her ſon had made,
The dame embrac'd the fair,
Put ſtrings of coral round her neck,
And braided up her hair.

Brought from her garden ev'ry roſe
The little garden bore;
And gave a kerchief trimm'd with lace,
Which erſt her grandame wore.

Then bleſt her ſon, and bleſt the maid,
And nam'd the wedding day;
And pray'd the ſire to bring them back,
With her a while to ſtay.

And now the travellers take their leave,
They to the town advance,
Where the merry pipe and tabor call
The buxom crew to dance.

The village maids, all trim and gay,
In ſilks and ſattins ſhine;
While pretty Sue in her ruſſet gown,
Can boaſt of nothing fine.

(But Nature well that want ſupply'd,
By charms beyond compare;
And tho' in ſimple plain attire,
She look'd divinely fair.)

It chanc'd that to the laird's that day,
A youth diſtinguiſh'd came,
Of talents and of worth poſſeſs'd,
Beſide a noble name.

For beauty prais'd, for learning famed,
Pre-eminent he ſhone;
Him ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace,
Demanded for their own.

His were thoſe mild perſuaſive powers
That charm the liſt'ning throng,
Expreſſion ſparkled in his eye,
And Hermes tun'd his tongue:

Bright Fancy in her gayeſt dreſs
Inſpir'd his active mind;
And courtly manners mark'd the youth
For higher ſcenes deſign'd.

'Twas his by genius to ſurprize,
By wit, by mirth, to pleaſe;
His was the happy art to blend
True dignity with eaſe.

Such was young Murray, when he came
To grace the feſtive ſcene,
And begg'd he might the prize beſtow,
Due to the village queen.

Brown Marian, fam'd for radiant eyes,
And conſcious of their power,
Advanc'd with Ellinor, whoſe face
Bewitching ſoftneſs wore.

Dolly, whoſe cheeks were like the roſe,
And Moggie, Cymon's toaſt;
And ſmiling Lucy, who the heart
Of Colinet cou'd boaſt.

Rich Agnes in her proud array;
Gay Nell with wanton air;
And one ſuperior far to theſe,
For blue-ey'd Beſs was there.

But when the fairer Suſan came,
Each eye was fix'd on her,
And ſwains who had demurr'd before,
Knew which they ſhou'd prefer.

Meantime in baſhful modeſty,
With eyes that ſhun'd the crowd,
Cloſe by her faithful William's ſide,
The lovely ſtranger ſtood.

Murray himſelf the ſignal gave:—
The ſwains aſſembled round;
And ten to one among the votes
For "black-eyed" Sue were found.

The Judge then riſing from his ſeat,
That dignity diſplay'd
Which ſince has oft encourag'd worth,
And made the baſe afraid.

On him each eager eye was fix'd,
A general ſilence reign'd;
His placid ſmile, his tuneful voice,
Reſpect from all obtain'd.

But when, with eloquence divine
He hail'd the maid prefer'd;
A ſudden, univerſal ſhout,
Of rapturous joy was heard.

Then Murray on fair Suſan's head
The prize of beauty plac'd;
A hat of ſtraw with ribbons gay,
Which ſpake the donor's taſte.

Beneath the lovely maiden's chin,
The ribbons Murray ty'd;
Gallantly kiſs'd her roſy cheek,
And wiſh'd her a happy bride.

(Forgive, my Lord! the ſaucy Muſe,
Who dares the tale repeat;
Recording deeds of former times,
Which doubtleſs you forget.

Far higher ſubjects, buſier ſcenes,
Soon occupy'd your mind,
And juvenile purſuits were left,
Like airy dreams behind.

Yet ſcenes of paſtoral delights
May not unpleaſant ſeem;
And doggrel verſe may pardon'd be,
When BEAUTY is the theme.)

TO THE

MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.

Sent to her by a Gentleman *with a Pair of yellow Silk Stockings, being the firſt made in* England, *and preſented to Queen* ELIZABETH, *by whom they were worn.*

THESE ſtockings, which in days of yore
Elizabeth of England wore,
To you, fair nymph! I ſend;
To you, whoſe ſway we all confeſs —
To you who, like the great Queen Beſs,
Can eaſe with grandeur blend.

Led by hiſtoric page, to whom
Can I ſo properly preſume
To ſend on this occaſion?
Ally'd to Cecil's ancient name,
You claim the privilege from fame,
Of Royal approbation.

And farther ſtill your rights extend —
The loves, the graces, all attend
To give your charms their due;
To prove that thoſe of former times,
Tho' eterniz'd in Spencer's rhymes,
Wou'd not have rival'd you.

No ladies in Eliza's days,
Arm'd with their ruffs, and iron ſtays,
  Cou'd charm as you have done;
And (judging by the form we ſee,)
No leg that wore theſe hoſe, cou'd be
  So handſome as your own.

Take then, theſe ſtockings, peerleſs dame!
Take too, the palm beſtow'd by fame,
  For you deſerve to wear it;
That you are great, and wiſe, we know;
That you are fair, we all allow—
  And Saliſbury will ſwear it.

Verſes written in conſequence of Mr. S********, *having, in joke, propos'd our writing a* NOVEL.

COME! let us directly a novel begin;
But pray are the parties to weep — or to grin?
Is love ſentimental, (with languiſhing mien,)
Or humour, and nonſenſe, to govern the ſcene?
Do give me a hint how to trace out the plan —
Paint a wicked young rogue, or a cruſty old man;
A miſs all in tears in the midſt of a grove,
A vigilant aunt, looking daggers at love;
A guardian quite frantic, ſome miſchief ſuſpecting,
Young people propoſing — and old ones objecting;
A ſcore of eſcapes, of conceits, and diſguiſes,
A ſeries of ſorrows, of joys, and ſurprizes,
Unexpected rencontres, and conſequent fears,
With duels, and ſwoonings, embraces, and tears;
A melange, in ſhort, that all novels contain,
Of accidents, ecſtaſies, pleaſure, and pain.

A truce to this nonſenſe! my Muſe, out of ſorts,
Wonders how I can have ſuch ridiculous thoughts;
Bids me leave tales of fancy for others to write,
And keep only Nature and Truth in my ſight.
" Do not tell me (ſays ſhe) of ſuch folly and ſtuff!
" Of novels there ſurely are more than enough;

" Nor will I enfringe upon PROSE, with adventures
" Of raving young lovers, and watchful old Mentors;
" This ſort of recital is out of my line—
" Pray give me ſome topic more worthy the Nine;
" On ONE ſubject I very loquacious cou'd be,
" (In which all the company here wou'd agree.)
" The genius and wit that yon author diſplays,
" The tribute deſerves of poetical praiſe;
" But alas! I relinquiſh the taſk in diſpair,
" Since I know not the art, how to write like S******."

To EMMA.

WHY, pretty rogue! do you proteſt
The trick of ſtealing you deteſt?
'Tis what you are doing ev'ry day,
Either in earneſt or in play;
Cupid and you, 'tis ſaid, are couſins,
(*Au fait* in ſtealing hearts by dozens,)
Who make no more of ſhooting ſparks,
Than ſchool-boys do of wounding larks;
Nay, what is worſe, 'tis my belief,
Tho' known to be an arrant thief,
Such powers of witchcraft are your own,
That juſtice ſlumbers on her throne;
And ſhou'd you be arraign'd in court
For practiſing this cruel ſport,
In ſpight of all the plaintiff's fury,
Your SMILE wou'd bribe both JUDGE and JURY.

The CARD TABLE,

A Catch.

I Play'd a knave — ma'am, ſo did I —
The game is mine — oh fye! oh fye!
Some people vow they ſcorn to cheat,
Tho' they have never yet been beat;
And if all rogues had their rewards —
But come! let's cut and deal the cards.

Dear ma'am! you've ſet up one too many:
To me, who wou'd not filch a penny,
This ſeems a method out of courſe;
Strange blundering work!—or ſomething worſe!
This trick is mine — pray tell me why? —
I won it fairly — No! you lie.

On Mrs. MONTAGUE's FÊTE.

May 1792.

FEATHERS may fall—and drapery may fade,
And Flora's bloſſoms wither in the ſhade;
Then let not theſe your admiration raiſe,
When SENSE and LEARNING ſhou'd excite your praiſe:
Theſe to the Donor of the feaſt belong,
Whoſe fame deſerves a better poet's ſong;
For Nature has to Montague aſſign'd
The pen of Hermes, and Minerva's mind.

CUPID's TRAVELS, A BALLAD.

CUPID, when London was grown thin,
And all the belles and beauxs were vaniſh'd,
Reſolv'd his travels to begin,
And follow thoſe whom faſhion baniſh'd;

But vain the hope to find them out,
So many different ways they wander'd,
Some went to hunt—and ſome to ſhoot,
At races ſome their money ſquander'd.

Venus! and all her train were flown,
And mirth gave way to ſober leiſure,
While Cupid was condemn'd alone
To rove about, in ſearch of pleaſure.

Penſive he ſtroll'd along the road,
Till to a certain bridge he came,
Waſh'd by the Mole's meandering flood;
(I ween that BURFORD is its name.)

There were ſome twenty folk, or more,
Returning from the market town,
And every ſwain a white frock wore,
And every laſs a linſey gown.

Said he, "good ſhepherds, ſpeed ye well!"
Then aſk'd if belles or beaux they ſaw?
But theſe he found could better tell,
The market price of hay and ſtraw.

He next the female troop addreſs'd,
With the beſt phraſes he could utter;
But they (who ne'er his meaning gueſs'd,)
Offer'd him only—eggs and butter.

" Alas!" he cry'd, " what Goths are here!
" A ſtrange, ill-manner'd, vulgar breed!
" Theſe Surry ſavages appear
" As ſtupid as the hogs they feed.

" Such women too!—Ah miſerere!
" (Unlike th' Arcadian nymphs of old,)
" They know no buſineſs but their dairy,
" Nor can one ſentiment unfold.

" Ah! Cytherea—hear my prayer,
" On yonder hill deſcend, and meet me;
" Or let ſome ſyren form appear,
" In ſoft conſoling words to greet me."

He ſpake; when near the river ſtraying,
Three beauteous nymphs were ſeen to move,
With a young ſportive figure * playing,
The very counterpart of love.

He view'd with rapture and ſurprize
Eliza's bloom, Maria's ſmile;
Bright Arabella's ſpeaking eyes,
Whoſe magic can the heart beguile.

" Bravo!" cry'd Cupid, " I'm at eaſe,
" This every former care effaces;
" Mortals are not ſo fair as theſe—
" They certainly muſt be the GRACES.

* George Auguſtus Bouverie.

THE CAULDRON.

CUPID to Venus came one day,
Complaining that his bow and arrow
Were uſeleſs grown, except to ſlay
A harmleſs dove, or ſtrolling ſparrow;

"What charms, what philtres can I find,
"The rebel heart of man to bind?
"Dear mother, ſay! for, weary grown,
"I've thrown my uſeleſs quiver down."

Fair Venus heard him out, and ſmil'd,
To think ſhe cou'd his grief remove;
Then ſooth'd, and kiſs'd the fretful child,
And thus conſol'd the God of Love.

"To-morrow, at the cloſe of day,
"Rejoin me, near the "ſullen MOLE,"
"Hecate will from her car ſurvey
"Our rites, and authorize the whole.

"Bring me a Cauldron full of fire,
"Prepar'd for ſpells and incantations;
"Let ſmiling Hope, and gay Deſire,
"Within the circle take their ſtations;

" And ye who on Parnaſſus dwell,
" Muſes! and Graces! bind the ſpell;
" Hither let ev'ry being move,
" That vows allegiance unto love."

She ſaid — obedient to her will
The powers invok'd, aſſemble there,
Whilſt Nature from her fav'rite hill,
Beheld the Loves and Graces near.

The Muſes brought their magic lyres;
Unſtrung the ſighing chords with haſte,
And twiſted all the golden wires
Around the Cauldron, as they paſt.
The Graces brought a wreathe of flowers,
New gather'd from th' Idalian bowers,
Beſprinkled with the evening dew,
And o'er the flame their off'ring threw.

Bewitching ſmiles, and ſoft perſuaſions,
The ſkillful Cytherea gives;
Glances, and kind inſinuations,
By which th' enamour'd captive lives.
The ſigh that charms a lover's ear,
The breath of rapture, pity's tear,
The honeſt tongue that ſcorns a rein,
The heart alive to joy and pain.

Then Venus choſe to be poſſeſt
Of Henrietta's airy form,
The whiteneſs of Humilla's neck,
With Celia's foot, and Laura's arm:
She borrow'd Frederica's air,
And placid dignity of mien;
Thoſe thouſand nameleſs charms appear,
Which mark her countenance ſerene.

She brought a beauteous lock of hair,
That hung upon Auguſta's neck,
A dimple too was hovering there,
Caught from Amelia's velvet cheek.
Julia's compos'd, and faultleſs mind,
And fair Florella's guileleſs manner,
Clariſſa's elegance combin'd
With the vivacity of Anna.

Teeth, that Eliza's lips diſcloſe,
When mirthful ſmiles adorn her face;
Her bloom ſo like the maiden roſe;
And ſweet Maria's artleſs grace.
Around the Cauldron Venus hung
Such ſounds as flow from Celia's tongue,
Whoſe tuneful notes can rage controul,
And humanize the ſavage ſoul:
Then, that the ſpell might be complete,
She flew to Arabella's gate,
And ſtole thoſe eyes that Nature gave
To ſpeak,—to ſparkle,—and enſlave.

Enough! the Cauldron now may reſt—
Love claps his wings with exultation;
And of ſuch implements poſſeſt,
Enthralment vows to half the nation.

GREAT NEWS;

OR,

OLYMPUS IN AN UPROAR.

ONCE on Olympus top much wrath abounded
Between Apollo and the ſage Minerva;
One, by his loyal muſes was ſurrounded,
The other, by the virtues, (bound to ſerve her.)

Their quarrel 'roſe about two earthly dames,
Who ow'd their birth to neither ſylph nor fairy;
If you deſire to know theſe ſiſters' names,
One ANNABELLA is,—the other MARY.

The queſtion was, whether theſe ladies ow'd
Moſt to the Queen of Wiſdom, or Apollo?
With ſenſe, with learning, they were both endow'd,
And patterns were for all their ſex to follow.

But then Apollo for HIS ſhare contended—
HE gave them Skill, and Harmony divine;
He at their leſſons (though unſeen) attended,
And taught them how to ſing, and how to ſhine.

He genius, taſte, and eloquence beſtow'd,
With all the charms of wit and animation;
No wonder each was of their votaries proud,
Tho' Prudence ſhou'd have check'd their altercation:

For lo! the argument ſo fierce became,
So ſerious were their looks, ſo loud their voices,
That Momus ran the quarrel to proclaim,
(Who oft in miſchievous events rejoices.)

But while the diſputants their claims aſſerted,
Who ſhou'd arrive, *(tout volante,)* but the Graces!
Theſe, (with the comic argument diverted,)
Betray'd both mirth and miſchief in their faces.

"A truce!" they cry'd — "why this amazing rout?
"The ſound of diſcord thro' Olympus flies —
"There's often danger when the WISE fall out,
"And lookers on may bear away the prize:

"So be it now! — we're ready to allow
"Praiſe to Apollo, and the blue-ey'd Dame;
"But give US leave to prove, before we go,
"That OTHERS have an equal right to fame.

"We to theſe ſiſters OUR pretenſions bring —
"Tho' to the diſputants we mean no harm,
"For tho' they taught them how to SPEAK, and SING,
"We gave thoſe *Manners* that complete the charm."

The ANCHORITE's *Invitation to* Paſſengers, *(in a Hermitage at* The Deepdene *in* Surry.)

LET thoſe who love the ſilente cells,
Where Peace can ſatisfaction give,
Forſake the ſcenes where Tumulte dwelles,
And with an Hermit learne to live.

A ſober ſet,—a ſtudious few,
Are welcome to partake my ſtore,
But to a Bacchanalian crewe,
Or Faſhion's herd, I bar my doore.

Theſe wou'd moleſte my quiet houres,
Or ſcorne my philoſophic ſtraine,
Bereave me of my ſweeteſt flowres,
Deſtroy my roots, or waſte my graine.

Give credence to my tongue ſincere,
While thus I parley in my cell,
And to the gentle ſtranger's eare
An anchorite's opinion tell.

Perdie no barone, brave and greate,
Who all his daies in courtes hath beene,
Wou'd lure me from my calm retreate,
My moſſie bank, or ſhadie glen.

When thro' the welkin breakes the morne,
How ſweete the mynſtrelſie of byrds,
Jocund as Howard's bugle horne,
Which erſt awoke the lazy herds.

The bells of ſheep delighte my eare,
As thro' the fern I wend my way;
The village curfew I revere,
Which tells the progreſs of the day.

Oft by the pale moon's ſilver light
I meditate among the trees,
Gaze on the beauties of the nighte,
And court the aromatic breeze.

Each ſtar that glitters in the ſkie,
A uſefull leſſon can imparte;
The ſparkling myriads charm my eye,
And awfull feelings touch my hearte.

A bead,—a ſhell, can thought ſupply—
The yellow broome, the purple heathe,
The painted ſnail, the ſpangled fly;
Whate'er has colour, ſenſe, or breathe.

While muſing thro' the woodes I ſtray,
(Where nature's charms ſucceſſive riſe,)
My gratefull oriſons I pay,
And what I ſhare, I learne to prize.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE! avaunt, corroding care!
Let content and peace be here;
Eaſe (ally'd to ſiſters three,
Leiſure, hope, and liberty,)
Winged mirth, who laughing flies,
With dimpled cheeks and roguiſh eyes;
Or in more methodic hour,
Welcome contemplation's power.

Lo! the muſe, by fancy led,
Joyous ſeeks the ruſtic ſhed,
Flys from what the world calls gay,
Here the hermit's part to play;
At her beck the Dryads move,
Sporting thro' the "checquer'd grove;"
(Fauns with ivy garlands crown'd,)
Gambol o'er the verdant ground,
While, conſtrain'd by fancy's ſpell,
Sylphs and fairies haunt the cell.

Here the muſe, remote from noiſe,
Soft tranquillity enjoys;—
Envys not the fair and vain,
Who mix in faſhion's buſy train,
But wiſhes, undiſturb'd, to prove
A life of reaſon, and of love.

ANSELMO.

FROM buſy ſcenes, from the gay peopled town,
Anſelmo turns, in queſt of calm repoſe;
Bears on his back the wealth he has to own,
And to the covert of the woodland goes.

" Welcome," he crys, " ye hoſpitable ſhades!
" Yon limpid ſtream, and banks with alders crown'd!
" No impious ſtep your ſolitude invades,
" No crime within MY kalendar is found.

" The Pilgrim who preſumes to pierce the gloom
" Of ſhades unknown, (their privacy to ſhare,)
" Is thus a voluntary exile come,
" To feaſt on ſolitude, remote from care.

" Bred in gay ſcenes, yet no deſire was mine
" To view bright Fame, or wait at Fortune's door,
" With daring ſons of enterprize to ſhine,
" Or baſk in ſunſhine with the tools of power.

" Plain ſimple Nature won my early praiſe,
" Her ſteps I trac'd along the dewy lawn,
" Heard her ſweet language in the blackbird's lays,
" And ſaw her bounding with the playful fawn.

" My moralizing temper fondly drew
" Inſtructive leſſons from the inſect race,
" Till what was fancy, into reaſon grew,
" And choice directed me to ſeek this place.

" Romantic thoughts my wandering feet impel
" To find the entrance of a ſecret cave;
" To be the habitant of ſome lone cell,
" Where beechen trees their leafy honours wave.

" Mature reflexion bids me live alone
" In ſcenes remote from anarchy and ſtrife;
" To paſs my days unknowing as unknown,
" And taſte the comforts of a Hermit's life."

ANSELMO's REFLECTIONS.

MORNING.

THE morning dawns! o'er yonder diſtant hill
I ſee a ſaffron ſtream of dawning light!
It riſes on my eye, diffuſe and clear,
Fringing the clouds — Divine Aurora, hail!
At thy approach, among the ruſtling leaves
A motley tribe of birds begin to move,
Stretch their light wings, and celebrate the morn.
The lowing herds among the paſtures rove,
And crop the dewy herbage: in the air
Innumerable inſects ſport, or hang
On the green leaves that canopy my cell. —
I ſee a gleam of roſy light beneath
The fleecy clouds; — I mark the humming bee
In ſearch of treaſure, and delighted hear
The ſprightly lark her matin lay begin.
The roſe unfolds her leaves, the violets raiſe
Their tender heads, and all creation feels
The influence of the morn; — while gratitude
Turns to the Lord and Maker of the ſcene,
In humble adoration. — Lo! the ſun,
The glorious ſun! peeps o'er yon miſty hill,
Diſpels the dews, and in his radiant car
Gives light and warmth to a rejoicing world.—

EVENING.

How ſweet at eve to taſte balſamic air! —
At the calm hour when nature ſeems to pauſe
And give a reſpite to the buſy world.
The Queen of Night from her majeſtic throne
Shines thro' the checquer'd ſhade; and o'er yon ſpire
Bright Heſperus appears. The duſky hour
Invites the bat to ſpread his leathern ſails,
And the gray owl, in ſober ſolemn mood
To wave his heavy wing acroſs the grove.
The briar roſe diſtils ambroſial ſweets,
And underneath the buſh whereon it blows,
I ſee the glow worm ſhine —
Hark! how the village clock divides the air
With clear monaſtic tone, and drowns the ſound
Of diſtant ſheep bells: — ſweet and ſolemn Eve!
I love thy duſky robe, thy ſilent grace,
The placid dignity that marks thy reign,
Thy lengthen'd ſhadows, and thy fragrant dews.

The Apology of MARIAN, *a Figure remov'd from a Houſe into a Hermitage.*

LEST thoſe who chance to wander here
May deem this place for me unfit,
I wiſh to make my conduct clear,
And ſhun the malice of the wit.

Perhaps it may excite your mirth,
To think I on a Hermit wait,
Prepare his board, and ſweep his hearth,
And cheer him oft with ſimple prate.

Yet ſpare the joke! my peaceful hours
No anchorite is here to ſhare —
The worm his mouldering form devours,
His ſpirit breathes a purer air.

In early days, I lived among
The great, the mirthful, and the gay,
Yet anſwer'd not the flatterer's tongue,
Nor with the riotous wou'd ſtray.

My care was never to offend,
By word or deed, my noble hoſt;
Bleſt if I ſaw him condeſcend
Kindly to mark me in my poſt.

Then pleaſure rul'd without controul;
Her ſons the Syren's voice obey'd;
With roſes crown'd the flowing bowl,
And ſongs were echo'd thro' the ſhade.

But when my patron left his ſeat,
A life recluſe I choſe to lead;
I therefore ſought this calm retreat,
And occupy'd the vacant ſhed.

Leiſure and eaſe I here enjoy,
(My thoughts ſerene, my wiſhes few,)
I innocently time enjoy,
Nor know, nor care, what others do.

THE FIELD MOUSE.

N. B. The MOUSE *was found dead in the Hermitage, and is buried near the Door.*

A Mouſe, the tenant of the field,
Left the green paſture where he fed,
Within this cell his form conceal'd,
And died beneath the Hermit's ſhed.

Say muſe! what urged him to forſake
The ſcenes where his companions ſtay'd?
The bands of intercourſe to break,
And hide his inoffenſive head.

Perhaps his friend was inſincere!
The mouſe he lov'd, inconſtant grew!
The cruel change he could not bear,
And therefore from their haunts withdrew:

Or death had robb'd him of the mate
With whom his days were wont to paſs,
With whom beyond that ruſtic gate,
He bruſh'd the dewdrops from the graſs.

No more for him the heath will bloom,
The bluebell or the primroſe grow—
The fates have ſign'd his early doom,
His heart is cold, and peaceful now.

May the green fern wave o'er the ground,
Where ſleeps the hero of my ſong!
And robin redbreaſts there be found,
To warble ſweet, and tarry long!

On a BUTTERFLY.

GAY being! (born to flutter thro' the day,)
Sport in the ſunſhine of the preſent hour;
On the ſweet roſe thy painted wings diſplay,
And cull the fragrance of the opening flower.

Time haſtens on — the ſummer ends too ſoon —
Take then the "roſy minutes" as they fly!
For ſoon, alas! your little life is gone —
To-day you ſparkle — and to-morrow die.

Verſes on the NOCTURNAL REMEMBRANCER, *an Invention and Gift of the late Miſs* BOONE.

A Friend lamented, and for ever dear,
Beſtow'd this token of regard ſincere;
A life of chearful piety ſhe led,
Conſol'd the wretched, and the hungry fed:
Her's was the power to pleaſe, the wiſh to bleſs,
Her's manly courage, feminine addreſs,
Genius in ſcientific works to ſhine,
Religion pure, and Charity divine;
Each chriſtian virtue that befits the ſage,
Each moral thought that ſhou'd reform the age;
Wit without ſpleen, good-breeding without art,
A brilliant fancy, and a ſpotleſs heart.

THE FIRE BALL.

ALL glory be to God on High!
Who bids the winged lightning fly,
And round the vaſt horizon play,
With luſtre ſtronger than the day.

His mighty hand directs the ſtorm,
Or makes the raging winds to ceaſe,
Preſerves the feeble head from harm,
And ſets the beating heart at peace.

Terrific to the human eye,
Of late appear'd a fiery ball,
Whirling along the turbid ſky,
Portending miſchief in its fall.

But praiſed be Jehovah's name!
Harmleſs acroſs our roof it flew,
And wrapping yonder tree in flame,
Bade us REJOICE, and TREMBLE too.

This Event happened on the 14th of *Auguſt*, 1791.

THE OWL.

WHEN evening on the woodland ſheds her dews,
When glittering glow-worms ſparkle on the brake,
The peering owl her nightly courſe purſues,
What time the moonbeam ſhines upon the lake.

When plaintive Philomel mellifluous ſings,
The Sage Nyctimene flies ſlowly by,
Moves thro' the grove upon majeſtic wings,
Whilſt flitting bats avoid her hoſtile eye:

But when Aurora ſtreaks the ſky with light,
The cautious traveller homeward bends her way,
As if the havoc ſhe had made by night
Taught her to ſhun the ſearching eye of day.

Here ſhe reſides — this calm ſequeſter'd cell
The ſolemn bird has choſen for her ſeat;
Long may the viſitant in ſafety dwell,
And undiſturb'd, enjoy this calm retreat.

FOR A STRAW SEAT.

SWEET Peace! if thou with humble minds will dwell,
Extend thy comforts to this quiet cell;
Bring harmony of temper, placid thought,
Uninterrupted eaſe, with leiſure fraught,
Content, whoſe ſeat is in the human breaſt,
And contemplation, reaſon's fav'rite gueſt:
So ſhall the grove a chearful aſpect wear,
Thro' ev'ry change of the revolving year!
So ſhall our hearts with grateful tranſports glow!
And peace the ſenſe of happineſs beſtow.

TO THE WOOD PIGEONS.

HERE, gentle viſitants! your pinions reſt,
Theſe boughs ſolicit you to form your neſt;
No foe ſhall dare your quiet to invade,
No hand profane ſhall violate the ſhade.
Dear to the Muſe, protected by her care,
No gun ſhall ſever thoſe whom fate wou'd ſpare;
Here may ye reſt, and in this peaceful grove
In ſafety live — and unmoleſted love.

On a TREE.

TO Charlotte's name I dedicate this tree,
Shap'd like her form, with perfect ſymmetry;
The even texture of its poliſh'd rind,
Firm as the virtuous tenor of her mind.

Theſe graceful boughs, in elegance array'd,
Vie with the beauty of the lovely maid,
And tho' ſurrounded by a thouſand trees,
Are thus diſtinguiſh'd, and ordain'd to pleaſe.

Hither, ye fairies! nymphs! and fauns! repair!
And let this tree be your peculiar care;
Invoke the ſouthern breeze, with balmy wing
To fan the young and tender leaves in ſpring,
Chace ev'ry inſect that preſumes to ſtray,
And make one fibre its unlawful prey;
Nor let a hand profane the branches rend,
Or ſtrive by art, dame Nature's work to mend:

But if a Pilgrim ſhou'd, with fervent zeal
And harmleſs thoughts, beneath the branches kneel;
To HIM the Muſe this privilege allows —
Here to adore, and to pronounce his vows.

The following Lines are placed upon the Ruin of an old Building, of which only part of a Wall, mantled with Ivy, remains; and adjoining thereto is a ſubterranean Cave, the entrance to which was decorated by the late CHARLES *Duke of* NORFOLK.

This votive Tablet
Is inſcribed to the Memory of the Hon.
Charles Howard*,
(Fourth Son of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel.)
He built an Oratory and Laboratory on this Spot,
And died at The Deepdene in 1714.

IF worth, if learning, ſhould with fame be crown'd,
If to ſuperior talents praiſe is due,
Let Howard's virtues conſecrate the ground
Where once the faireſt flowers of ſcience grew.

Within this calm retreat th' illuſtrious Sage
Was wont his grateful oriſons to pay;
Here, he perus'd the legendary page,
Here, gave to chemiſtry the fleeting day:

* For an account of the Hon. Charles Howard vide Aubrey's Surry, and Charles Duke of Norfolk's Anecdotes of the Howard Family.

Cold to ambition, far from courts remov'd,
(Tho' qualify'd to fill the ſtateſman's part,
He ſtudied nature in the paths he lov'd,
Peace in his thoughts,—and virtue in his heart.

Soft may the breeze ſigh thro' the ivy boughs
That ſhade this humble record of his worth!
Here, may the robin undiſturb'd repoſe!
And fragrant flowers adorn the hallow'd earth.

ELIZA.

1791.

AND will Eliza then return?
Shall I once more behold her here,
And from her eyes, delighted learn
Her generous heart is ſtill ſincere?

Shall we retrace thoſe happy days
When firſt we knew each other's mind,
When firſt I ſpake Eliza's praiſe,
When firſt I found her good, and kind?

Ah! friend, ſo lov'd — ſo long deplor'd,
Welcome again to Britain's ſhore!
May health, may peace, their ſweets afford;
May ev'ry bleſſing crowd thy door.

And when thy many friends have ſhar'd
The language of thy tuneful tongue,
Let a few hours to me be ſpar'd,
At diſtance from the buſy throng.

If you can love our beechen trees,
Sequeſter'd cells, romantic views,
I court you to ſuch ſcenes as theſe,
Dear to your friend, and to the muſe.

While the gay birds their carols ſing,
And to the ſun their plumes diſplay,
We will enjoy the ſweets of ſpring
As grateful, and as bleſt as they.

ANTICIPATION.

February 25th, 1792.

SOFT thro' the ivy blows the ſouthern gale;
Mild eve ſucceeds the fervid glow of day;
The tuneful nightingale begins her tale,
And on the lucid lake the moonbeams play.

This is the hour ſerene, wherein the mind
A train of philoſophic thoughts enjoys,
Delights in ſolitude that peace to find,
Which commerce with a buſy world deſtroys.

At this calm hour, for contemplation meet,
Fancy revolves the ſcenes that ne'er return,
Joins the young troop, who dance with agile feet,
Or lingers penſive at the lover's urn.

'Tis true that memory can thoſe days reſtore,
When gay and thoughtleſs in the woods we ſtray'd,
Eager to pluck the aromatic flower,
Or chace the glittering inſect thro' the glade;

Yet will ſome tender, melancholy thought,
Dart thro' the ſcene, and overcloud the ſky,
Arreſt the ſpirits, till, with ſorrow fraught,
Nature's big tear is trembling in the eye.

Some friend belov'd! — long loſt! — but ne'er forgot!
Claims recollection from the marble tomb;
Reminds us of mortality's ſad lot,
And bids us mourn at their untimely doom:

Or the remembrance of ſome faithleſs friend,
Some perjur'd lover, anguiſh may impart;
And from paſt time misfortune's arrow rend,
To probe the wound ſtill lurking in the heart.

Nor are the years of mirth and childiſh joys
To be recall'd, without one tender ſigh,
A pang of fond regret the mind annoys,
To think how ſoon the hours of pleaſure fly.

No more the days of ſportive youth return;
Compariſon her faithful mirror ſhews;
And memory rather clings to friendſhip's urn,
That pays attention to the fleeting roſe.

Tho' trivial pleaſures cou'd our thoughts engage
When youth's gay ſeaſon brighten'd ev'ry hour,
Yet Reaſon, mellow'd by increaſing age,
May tire of ſcenes, that cou'd amuſe before.

Matur'd by time, diſpos'd for ſerious thought,
And tho' deem'd happy, not exempt trom care,
Experience has this uſeful leſſon taught,
To think what we SHOULD BE, not what we WERE.

Thoſe who can baſk in the meridian ſun,
And taſte whatever Nature can beſtow,
Altho' adverſity they ne'er have known,
May envy him who whiſtles at the plough.

The gayeſt colours, and the ſofteſt tones,
By repetition may inſipid prove,
Till the dull vacant mind a languor owns,
Grows tir'd of luxury, and cold to love.

No hopes, no fears, no energies of mind,
Are felt by thoſe who ev'ry joy poſſeſs;
Their brows may ache that roſy garlands bind,
And pleaſure ſicken from its own exceſs.

But jocund Hope illumines ev'ry ſpray,
Sheds a gay luſtre o'er the hermit's cell,
Supports the pilgrim on his deſtin'd way,
And to the lover tales of joy can tell.

'Tis this that bids the warblers of the wood
Hail the new year, and watch the growing leaf,
Bleſt with the proſpect of increaſing food,
Nor form'd to recollect paſt ſcenes of grief.

Aſk the poor ſailor, (when in foreign climes,)
Does not remembrance pain his honeſt mind?
Can he reflect on home, and former times,
Without regret for thoſe he left behind?

But when the veſſel homeward turns the prow,
When, like a ſpeck, he Albion's coaſt perceives,
His ſpirits ruſhing to his heart, beſtow
Thoſe keen delights anticipation gives.

Enough! my Muſe th' imperfect taſk reſigns
To others, better qualify'd to write,
And feels abaſh'd, at having vy'd with lines
Where claſſic elegance and ſenſe unite *.

* Alluding to a very ſenſible and elegant treatiſe, which was the occaſion of this poem.

EMMA.

November, 1792.

SOFT may the breezes blow on Liſbon's ſhore!
Each gale ſalubrious qualities impart!
My lovely Emma to her health reſtore!
And give relief to friendſhip's wounded heart.

Dear maid! my memory will oft retrace
Thy manners, faſhion'd to engage and charm,
Paint the ſoft beauty of thy angel face,
Thy winning ſmile, and elegance of form;

But moſt thy tenderneſs, thy wit refin'd,
Thy ſweet good-humour, and ſuperior ſenſe,
The mild affection of my Emma's mind,
And mirth, inſpir'd by native innocence.

Now pale and wan, in ſearch of health ſhe flys,
From her lamenting friends, to Liſbon's ſhore,
Trys ſofter breezes, and ſerener ſkies,
Whilſt we her abſence and her ſtate deplore.

Nature's impulſive tear will force its way—
And yet 'tis weakneſs ſurely, to deſpair;
Let us encourage hope's conſoling ray!
And join our wiſhes to Maria's prayer.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER SHIELD.

TURNE, gentle ſtraunger! turne awhyle!
And liſt unto my plainte,
I loſte my harte to a damzell fayre,
Whome I fancy'd was a ſaynte.

I thoughte her mynde was lyke her face,
In perfect beautie dreſt;
I thoughte her harte was framed ſincere,
And ſpotleſſe as her breſte.

Her eie was lyke the morninge ſtarr,
And lyke the roſe her cheeke,
Her ſmyle was gaye as ſummer ſkies,
Her manner chaſte and meeke.

Oft by the margent of the brook
That neare her dwellinge flow'd,
I uſed to meete the peerleſs mayde,
For whome my buſome glow'd.

When with a coronal of flowers
I deck'd her heben haire,
Proud as the pavone * of its plumes,
Wou'd Braſſolis appeere.

* Peacock.

But dire commotions ſhooke the lande,
And marr'd the hopes of love;
A ſoldier bred, I led my bande
The toils of warr to prove.

" Retire, my Braſſolis!" I cry'd,
" Avoyde the warfull playne,
" And in a convent ſafe abide,
" Till peace ſhall ſmyle agayne."

The artfull fayre appeer'd to grieve,
And ſlowlie to departe;
Her perſaunt eie I dar'd beleeve
The herald of her harte.

The red-croſs banner ſoone prevayl'd,
The creſcent proudlie ſhone,
Victorious ſhouts our ears regal'd,
And valourous deeds were done.

The battle o'er, I chanc'd to ſee
A palmer on the fielde,
Whoſe whole attention ſeem'd to be
Fix'd on my ſilver ſhielde.

He wore a gaberdine * of gray,
With cockle ſhells enlay'd,
Red ſandals were upon his feet,
A bonnet on his head.

I parley'd with this palmer gray,
And a letter to hym gave,
I pray'd hym ſeeke my bonny bride,
And meete me at the cave.

* A coarſe kind of frock.

And thus I wrote, " Our conquering bande
" Are with freſh laurels crown'd,
" And in the archives of the lande
" Their deeds will be renown'd.

" But tho' a ſoldier's cares detaine
" Thy faithful lover here,
" The hours are yeeres till I agayne
" See Braſſolis appeere.

" No ſigns of warr will paine thy ſighte,
" The ſword is caſt aſyde,
" And victory, in laurels dight,
" Woos my betrothed bryde.

" Farewell to baſſonet * and ſpeare,
" To hauberk †, launce, and glaive ‡:
" The olive tree is planted here,
" And waves o'er yonder cave.

" Come then, my love! and join me here;
" A palfrey I provyde,
" A pilgrim will this meſſage beare,
" Who ſwears to be thy guide."

I ſent this letter to the mayde,
And told the pilgrim gray
His ſervice largely ſhou'd be paid,
Then bade hym haſte away.

* An Iron Cap worn under the Helmet. Vide Johnſon.

† A Breaſt Plate. (Vide Johnſon.) A texture of Steel Ringlets interwoven, forming a Coat of Mail. Vide Maſon's Notes on Gray.

‡ Sword.

The palmer theſe credentials tooke,
My beniſon * I gave —
I truſted to hys honeſt looke,
And to hys habit grave.

But the falſe mayde for whome I ſigh'd
Was faſhion'd to betraye,
She, tho' affianced for my bryde,
Fled with the palmer gray.

Ungrateful Braſſolis! I mourne
My own credulity,
And in my buſome bear a wounde
That knows no remedie.

Enſample ſad to all mankinde
My riven † harte may prove,
And teache them to eſcape the pangs
Of ill-requited love.

* Bleſſing. † Broken.

The tragical End of the FAIRE BRASSOLIS.

Dedicated to the inimitable Author of the Caſtle of Otranto.

SYR Amadour call'd his lyttel foot page,
And unto him did ſaye,
" I will go in queſte of falſe Braſſolis,
" And the pilgrim yclad in graye."

" Ah! do not ſoe, Syr Amadour!
" Ah! do not ſoe I pray!
" The ladie is not worth thy thoughte,
" Nor eke the pilgrim gray."

" But all in vaine the lyttel foot page
" Beſpoke the doughty Knight,
" Who thus with looks denouncing rage,
" Avow'd his wiſh to fight.

" Now by my ſilver ſhield I ſwear!
" And by thys truſty blade!
" I ſoon will make that ladie quayle,
" Who hathe my hopes bewrayed.

" Come ſaddle me ſtraight my coal-black
" And my ſcarlette mantle bringe,
" I will not reſte nor night nor daye,
" Till I her falſe harte wringe."

The coal-black ſteede was ſoone ybrought,
Capariſon'd for the Knighte,
Who under his ſcarlette mantle wore
A ſword oft ſtain'd in fighte.

Now withe a fierce and haughty mien,
Syr Amadour did ride,
With his lyttel page array'd in greene,
And a greyhound by his ſyde.

Full many a wearie mile they rode,
Till a convent bell was heard,
And 'midſt a cloſe embowring ſhade,
Monaſtic walls appeer'd.

Then ſaid the Knighte, " My Gilderoy!
" Knock at yon Gothic gate,
" And aſk the road a ladie tooke,
" Who ſojourn'd there of late."

The lyttel page lyke an arrowe flewe,
And ſoone retourn'd agayne—
" Syr Knighte! the ladie tooke the roade,
" That poynts unto the maine."

" Ah!" quoth the Knighte, " then by my troth
" No time have I to ſpare;
" The traitreſs withe her paramour
" May gayne a veſſel there."

He ſpur'd his ſteede along the playne,
And turn'd towards the ſea,
(No counſel cou'd his wroth reſtrayne
For he aveng'd muſte be.)

And long he travell'd in this wiſe,
Till, wending down a hill,
He ſawe two people in diſcourſe
With a miller neere his mill.

The woman wore a purfell'd * veil,
And had a noble ayre,
And fondlie lent upon the arme
Of a comlye cavalier.

The greyhound knewe thys ladie fayre,
Tho' in a veil array'd,
He ran to fawn around her feet,
And Braſſolis betray'd.

" Flie, Aladin!" the ladie cry'd,
" Thy rival is in view,
" I know hym by hys lyttel page,
" And by his greyhound too."

Meantime the fiery Amadour
Flewe to the cavalier,
He gazed upon his comely face —
And found the pilgrim there.

" Defend thyſelf, thou caitiff vile!"
Then cry'd the angry Knighte,
" Sithe thou haſt dared to breake thy truſte,
" Thou eke muſte dare to fighte.

" Falſe Braſſolis! 'tis not for thee,
" Thou art not worth my care,
" But for my injur'd honor's ſake,
" That I arreſt thee here."

* Embroidered.

" Proude Knighte!" young Aladin rejoin'd,
" I know aggreeved thou art,
" But think not to demand the fayre
" When I poſſeſs her harte.

" Long did I love the beauteous dame,
" But ne'er to win her try'd,
" Becauſe I knewe her haughtie ſire
" Had pledged her for thy bryde.

" But when the red-croſs banner waved,
" Then hope beguiled my harte;
" With joy I ſawe fayre Braſſolis
" From Amadour departe.

" And when the din of arms was o'er,
" Diſguis'd I ſoughte the playne. —
" Forgive me, Knighte! I thought perchance
" My rival mighte be ſlaine.

" There fate impell'd thee to addreſs
" Temptation to my eare,
" Deputing me ambaſſadour
" To fetch that peerleſſe fayre.

" Love triumph'd o'er integrity;
" To gayne her harte I ſtrove —
" I owne the fraud, — the fault I mourne,
" But cannot yielde my love.

" Nor think a baſe plebeian youth
" Her harte from thee hathe won,
" Beholde in me thy perigal * —
" For I'm Syr Bertram's ſon.

* Equal.

" Me ſhe has choſen for her lord,
" And champion of her fame—
" Nowe let us try by dint of arms
" Who beſt deſerves the dame."

(Ah brave, but guiltie youth! the hour
Of vengeance now is come—
Thy lyfe muſt expiate thy crime,
For juſtice ſigns the doome.

Syr Bertram's caſtle, where diſport *
And cheriſaunce † was knowne,
No more with ſounds of revelrie
Will welcome thy returne.

High in the hall will hang thy bow,
The bugle horn and ſpeare,
To claim the obſequious minſtrel's ſong,
And beauty's pitying teare.

Ne'er ſhalt thou croſs the dyke againe,
Ne'er thy fond parent meet—
The raven perch'd upon the tower
Preſages thy defeat.)

The page he held his maſter's horſe,
And ſtood to ſee the fighte;
And Aladin with fearleſs ayre,
Sprang forward to the Knighte.

The conteſt long and bloodie prov'd,
The ladie wept and quayl'd ‡;
Young Aladin was ſtoute of harte,
But Amadour prevayl'd.

* Pleaſure. † Comfort. ‡ Fear'd.

Hys rival fell — and dying cry'd,
" My deſtinie is juſte!
" A retribution muſt be made
" By thoſe who breake their truſt."

There was amonge the cliffs a path
That led unto the ſea,
This path the wretched ladie tooke,
From Amadour to flee.

She ran along the winding path
Soone as her lover died,
And with her terror frantic grown,
Plung'd in the foaming tyde.

Thus ended the ſad tragedie
Of Braſſolis the fayre;
By whoſe miſdeed Syr Bertram loſte
Hys onlye ſon and heire.

PENDENNIS CASTLE.

Addreſs'd to the Honourable Mrs. BOSCAWEN.

May an unworthy Muſe preſume to lay
This humble offering at Boſcawen's feet?
Whoſe gallant Lord, the honour of his day,
Spread deſolation thro' the Gallic fleet.

But tho' my Muſe of naval deeds may ſing,
And ſtrive the theme heroic to purſue,—
Where is the lyre, upon whoſe magic ſtring
She can expreſs her ſentiments for YOU?

PENDENNIS Caſtle * rings with woe—
And lo! yon hollow bell,
That tolls ſo ſolemn and ſo ſlow,
Sounds a funereal knell.

* Pendennis Caſtle in the county of Cornwall ſtands on a peninſula. It is large, and well fortify'd, built by King Henry the Eighth, for the defence of Falmouth harbour. Queen Elizabeth added conſiderably to the fortifications. It held out a long time for King Charles the Firſt; but after a ſtrait Siege it was forced to ſurrender to the Parliament forces. (Pendennis Caſtle was engraved by Buck in 1734.)

Thro' ev'ry arch, thro' ev'ry court
The diſmal news is ſpread
That Chriſtiana, once ſo fair,
Is number'd with the dead!

Lo! the apartments, once ſo gay,
Where taſte and ſplendour ſhone,
With ſable hangings are array'd,
To tell what death has done.

Uſeleſs the loom, where once the fair
With iv'ry fingers ſtrove;
Broken the lute, whereon ſhe play'd
The notes inſpir'd by love.

Where late the rebec and the harp
Were heard, dejection reigns;
The minſtrel's voice is only heard,
When ſadly ſhe complains.

Within Pendennis' lofty hall
(Where pomp heraldic ſhone,
Where ancient archives proudly told
Of battles bravely won,)

The aged bard, immers'd in woe,
Bewails Sir Edric's fate—
The hound he lov'd, in mournful wiſe,
Sits howling at the gate.

The milk-white ſteed he us'd to ride
Will ne'er his maſter view—
Cold is the hand from which he fed!
And mute the voice he knew!

Two months were gone, with tardy pace,
Since war was firſt declar'd,
Since brave Sir Edric's gallant crew
To guard the coaſt prepar'd.

Edric, a captain high in fame,
By ev'ry tar ador'd,
Was lov'd by all his friends on ſhore,
And honour'd when on board.

(He like our Britiſh Prince, cou'd blend
True dignity with eaſe,
Knew how to awe, and how to ſpare,
And more than all, to pleaſe.)

Fair Chriſtiana wept the cauſe
That call'd her Lord away,
And doom'd her in Pendennis' walls
A mournful wife to ſtay.

Long as the ſhip remain'd in ſight
She on the turret ſtaid,
And from the battlements beheld
The crimſon flag diſplay'd.

In vain her ſiſter Bertha try'd
If books wou'd uſeful prove,
Where hiſtory recorded ſcenes
Of glory, fame, and love.

While on the page ſhe ſeem'd to gaze,
Her thoughts were diſtant far;
She read of happineſs and peace,
But always dreamt of war.

In vain her lovely infant ſmil'd,
In vain the ſkies were clear;
Tho' no ill omens pain'd her ſight,
She cou'd not baniſh fear.

Long did the lovely mourner weep,
And liſt to ev'ry ſound;
At length ſhe hears the diſtant war,
And cannonades rebound.

This ſome engagement dire portends!
Edric no doubt is there;
Love paints the horror of the ſcene,
And ſcares the trembling fair:

And when a ſolemn pauſe enſues
(As if the ſtrife was o'er,)
Her fancy ſtill, by fear miſled,
Hears the prophetic roar.

Thus to her ſiſter then ſhe ſpake:
" Oh I am ſick at heart!
" I cannot to the watch-tow'r go,
" And thou muſt take my part.

" Look thro' this glaſs, towards the eaſt
" Perchance a boat appears—
" That boat, the harbinger of fate,
" Some meſſage ſurely bears."

Yes, Chriſtiana! Bertha ſaid,
A diſtant ſpeck I ſee—
Again I look—that diſtant ſpeck
A VESSEL ſeems to be.

" Ah gladſome news!" the lady cry'd,
" Another look beſtow,
" Say, has the ſhip a yellow keel?
" A mermaid at the prow?"

Take courage, ſiſter, to aſcend!
Methinks the ſhip I know—
Yes, I perceive a yellow keel,
A mermaid at the prow.

" Bertha, I come!—but tell me, pray,
" What flag the mainmaſt bears?
" A flag of crimſon croſs'd with white,
" On Edric's ſhip appears."

Ah! come not hither, ſiſter dear!
No welcome ſign appears;
The veſſel has no penon gay—
A ſable flag it wears.

" Alas!" fair Chriſtiana cry'd
" The fatal ſign I know;
" My love! my Edric! is no more,
" He's ſlaughter'd by the foe."—

She ſaid, and thro' the Caſtle gate
Swift to the fort repair'd,
And there, the certainty receiv'd,
Of that event ſhe fear'd;

For ſoon a mournful crew arriv'd,
Who wept their honour'd Lord—
Each honeſt ſailor look'd the news,
Tho' neither ſpake the word.

Alas! the excellent! the brave!
The good Sir Edric's dead!
And Chriſtiana's happineſs
Is with her huſband fled.

A luckleſs ſhot ſome demon ſent
Who envy'd his renown,
It pierc'd that noble, gen'rous breaſt,
Where ev'ry virtue ſhone.

A univerſal groan of grief
Was heard throughout the crew,
And, animated with revenge,
On board each ſailor flew.

Like tygers thirſting for their prey,
They ſeiz'd the foreign prize,
Then gazing on their leader loſt,
Tears trembled in their eyes.

Within the boat the corpſe they plac'd
Each ſighing at his oar,
And ſlowly to Pendennis' Fort
Their lov'd commander bore.

(For he was, like BOSCAWEN*, lov'd,
Tho', like BOSCAWEN, fear'd!
By tender care, by acts humane,
To all the fleet endear'd.)

Sad Chriſtiana ſilent ſtood
Till they arriv'd on ſhore,
When reaſon, ſtarting from its bounds,
Fled — to return no more.

See Page 280.

Then ſhe with frantic geſture, cry'd,
" To arms! my gallant crew!
" I hear the dreadful cannon roar!
" The hoſtile fleet I view!

" My lovely babe, too young to know,
" Too bleſt his loſs to feel,
" Preſerv'd by ignorance from fear,
" Sleeps in his cradle ſtill.

" Awake, my child! the cruel foe
" Are maſters of the ſea;
" Now thy protector is no more,
" They come to murder THEE.

" Confuſion hath beſet our fleet—
" Britannia's hopes are o'er;
" Fate ſeems to hang on ev'ry maſt
" And death on ev'ry oar.

" Ruin is near—PENDENNIS! ſoon
" Thy battlements will fall;
" Vainly thy cannon will be charg'd,
" And ſoldiers guard the walls:

" A future day will ſee thee yield
" To an unlawful force,
" When ROYALTY * in vain will plead,
" And treaſon have its courſe.

" But I (before that hour) ſhall ſleep
" Within my Edric's tomb!—
" Hark!—the black eagle in yon tower
" Forebodes my certain doom.

* Alluding to the Martyrdom of King Charles I.

" From the white cliffs the ſea-gulls cry!
" The angry billows foam!
" Ah Bertha! ſnatch me from the ſtorm,
" And lead me to my home."

She went — but never ſpake again,
Nor rais'd her languid head,
But ſeem'd to muſe on Edric loſt,
And days for ever fled.

Like a faint ſnowdrop which the froſt
Doom'd premature to die,
Misfortune cruſh'd her tender frame,
And ſorrow clos'd her eye.

* For the beſt teſtimony of Admiral Boſcawen's merit, the following copy of his Epitaph is ſubjoin'd.

Here lies the Right Honourable
EDWARD BOSCAWEN,
Admiral of the Blue, General of Marines,
Lord of the Admiralty, and one of his Majeſty's
moſt Honourable Privy Council;
his birth, tho' noble,
his titles, tho' illuſtrious,
were but incidental additions to his greatneſs.
Hiſtory,
in more expreſſive and more indelible characters,
will inform lateſt poſterity,
With what ardent zeal,
with what ſucceſsful valour
he ſerved his country,
and taught his enemies
to dread her naval power.
In command
he was equal to every emergency,
ſuperior to every difficulty;
in his high department, maſterly and upright:
his example formed, while
his patronage rewarded,
Merit.
With the higheſt exertion of military greatneſs
he united the gentleſt offices of humanity;
his concern for the intereſt, and unwearied
attentions to the health
of all under his command,
ſoften'd the neceſſary exactions of duty,
and the rigours of diſcipline,
by the care of a guardian, and the tenderneſs of a father.
Thus beloved and revered,
amiable in private life as illuſtrious in public,
this gallant and profitable ſervant of his country,

when he was beginning to reap the harveſt
of his toils and dangers,
in the full meridian of years and glory,
after having been providentially preſerved thro'
every peril incident to his profeſſion,
died of a fever
on the 10th of January, 1761, the 50th of his age,
at Hatchland Park, in Surry,
a ſeat he had juſt finiſh'd at the expence
of the enemies of his country;
and amidſt the groans and tears
of his beloved Corniſhmen, was
here depoſited.
His once happy wife inſcribes this marble,
an unequal teſtimony of his worth
and of her affection.

EPISTLE FROM

CAMILLA TO THEODORE*.

SCENE *the Sea Side by Moonlight.*

CAMILLA *ſitting on a Bank with her Dog.*

WHILE Nature ſinks to ſilence and repoſe,
While dreams of joy the TRANQUIL pillow bleſs,
I ſeize this moment to indulge my woes,
And muſe on injuries beyond redreſs.

Oh, Theodore! my dear devoted love!
By too much Tenderneſs, to Sin betray'd,
For me, condemn'd a banſh'd man to rove,
Far, far from Albion and thy friends convey'd;

When the ſad news was whiſper'd to my ear,
When thy extent of miſery was known,
My ſenſes (ſtun'd by more than love cou'd bear,)
Allow'd no tender tear, no bitter groan.

Stupid I ſat, the image of deſpair!
By horror petrify'd, devoid of thought;
On ev'ry object gaz'd with ſtupid ſtare,
Till Nature waken'd, recollection brought.

* Vide the Convict, Vol. I. Page 169.

Then reaſon, burſting on my tortur'd mind,
Held the diſgraceful truth before my eyes,
And taught Camilla's heart relief to find
In floods of tears, and never-ceaſing ſighs.

Till that ſad hour, by illneſs long ſubdu'd,
Within my father's manſion I remain'd,
Believing ſtories faſhion'd to delude,
Which told me thou wert ſtill in bonds detain'd.

But when I knew the truth, I fled away
From thoſe by whom thy puniſhment was wrought,
And tho' conſumption mark'd me for its prey,
Refus'd aſſiſtance, by thy ruin bought.

E'er ſince that day, expos'd to ev'ry ſtorm,
A wild and helpleſs vagrant have I ſtray'd!
No warm apparel to enwrap my form,
No pillow to ſupport my aching head.

If I by chance a traveller eſpy,
I call for pity — but implore in vain;
My meagre form alarms his doubtful eye,
He dreads a ghoſt, and flys along the plain.

Oft on this point of land, (from whence I view
Th' expanſive boſom of the changeful deep,)
I ſit by moonlight, careleſs of the dew,
And love to meditate when others ſleep:

Then do I aſk the ſiver lamp of night,
And all the ſtars that glitter in the ſky,
If they have ever ſhed their heavenly light
On one ſo wretched — and ſo loſt as I?

My faithful dog, (companion of my way!)
Seems to partake the temper of my mind;
Tho' ſtarving, at my feet reſolv'd to lay,
And howl reſponſive to the ſtormy wind.

If on the ſea my watchful eye perceives
Some little ſkiff, that glides along the wave,
Deluded fancy haſtily believes
That THOU art ſent to ſnatch me from the grave.

Oh how I fondly ſtrain my aching eyes!
To ſee which way the diſtant veſſel ſteers!
Irrevocable fate my wiſh denies—
Ne'er ſhall I view the object of my prayers!

As ſoon might I expect the treach'rous ſand
(Where to expreſs my woes I oft have try'd,)
Still to retain the efforts of my hand,
Tho' dayly waſh'd by the returning tide.

As yeſter eve (returning from the ſea)
I ſought the dark receſſes of a wood,
Whoſe ſhades diffus'd a mild ſolemnity,
Tho' autumn's tints were o'er the foliage ſtrew'd,

A Gothic building chanc'd to meet my eye,
With hoary moſs and ivy mantled o'er;
The mouldering walls reveal'd antiquity,
And letters, grown imperfect, mark'd the door.

Not diſtant far, ſome ruin'd arches ſtood,
(As tho' the fate of cloiſter'd walls to tell;)
Whilſt theſe with reverential awe I view'd,
Bleak blew the wind, the rain in torrents fell:

Pale lightning darted thro' the troubled air;
Nature aſſum'd her moſt terrific form —
My ſoul (till then inſenſible to fear,)
Bade me take refuge from th' increaſing ſtorm.

I fled for ſhelter to the antique cell.
The yawning door on ruſty hinges creak'd;
Methought I heard a feebly ſounding bell;
Methought the owl upon the houſe-top ſhrick'd:

And ever and anon the lightnings glar'd
Acroſs the dark receſſes of the cave,
Diſcloſing characters which time had ſpar'd,
To deck the altar, or to mark the grave.

On the ſouth wall was rudely carv'd in ſtone
The muſing figure of an Anchorite;
A mouldy book was on a table thrown;
A ſkull (prophetic omen!) met my ſight.

Then ſudden tremors ſeiz'd my feeble frame!
Starting, I turn'd away, with horror chill'd —
But ſoon returning, to the table came,
With reverential awe, and courage fill'd.

Theſe words were written in the book — "Whoe'er
"Treads on the earth where holy monks are laid,
"Let him this houſe of piety revere,
"Let him this ſalutary leſſon read:

"Yes, ſtranger, come! this moral lay peruſe —
"(The only gift an hermit can beſtow;)
"Turn o'er the page of truth, and reading muſe,
"And muſing meditate, before you go.

" Ruddy and hale, form'd with athletic ſtrength,
" Ambroſe appear'd for long exiſtence made;
" But who can meaſure life's uncertain length?
" This morn we ſaw him in his coffin laid.

" Need we the pomp of monumental ſtone
" To blazon forth the havoc of a tomb,
" When here, we ſee what cruel death has done;
" When here, we mourn a brother's ſudden doom?

" Yon empty ſkull the ſtate of man will ſhew!
" Yon empty ſkull can preach to me and thee!
" Yon empty ſkull was once what thou art now!
" And what yon empty ſkull is, — THOU ſhalt be."

" Yes!" I exclaim'd, " the hour of death is near —
" This awful leſſon tells me I muſt die!
" I ſee the time approach, devoid of fear;
" I read my ſentence with a tearleſs eye.

" Bereft of every hope, a wretch forlorn,
" Ah! what have I with this vain world to do?
" My ſands are run, my frame with grief is worn, —
" Fled are the peaceful days which once I knew."

I ſaid, and at the altar bent my knee: —
Diſtant I heard the awful thunder roll —
Nature reſum'd her ſweet ſerenity;
I left the cell, — devotion in my ſoul.

And now the ſummons ſeems to reach my ear!
A ſecret monitor my fate foretells;
I feel the hand of death arreſt me here,
And providence Camilla's paſſport ſeals:

Hark how the cormorants and ſea-gulls ſcream!
A ſudden tempeſt agitates the ſea: —
The moon, retiring, ſheds a parting beam,
And veils her light — to ſhine no more for me.

I faint, I die! — my limbs have loſt the power
To raiſe my body from the dewy ground —
Hope's flattering dreams, life's buſy ſcenes are o'er,
Love's tender voice, and pity's ſoothing ſound.

Farewell, then, life, and ah! a laſt farewell
To HIM, for whom I only grieve to die!
For whom my ſoul yet lingers in its cell,
Prompts the weak tear, and unavailing ſigh.

Yet whither does my erring fancy rove?
Is he not loſt, for ever loſt to me?
Ne'er ſhall I hear again the voice of love,
Ne'er can I hope my Theodore to ſee.

Perhaps yon orb, (the witneſs of my woes,)
Now ſees him ſuff'ring on ſome deſert plain,
No pitying voice to ſooth him to repoſe,
No friendly hand to ſmooth the bed of pain.

By men abandon'd, but by heaven forgiv'n,
Perhaps he is releas'd from mortal care —
Yes, Theodore! I ſee thee mount to heav'n!
Ah! ſtay a moment — take Camilla there.

On the Death of a FRIEND.

March, 1793.

Helas! elle eſt perdue.

OH! ever lov'd, and moſt ſincerely mourn'd!
By ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace adorn'd!
To thee the penſive muſe devotes the lay,
The laſt ſad office that thy friend can pay.

Ye! to whom innocence and worth are dear,
To Emma's memory give one pitying tear.
Bleſt with an angel's face, an angel's mind,
Satire in her cou'd not one blemiſh find.
Divine good-humour, unaffected grace,
Play'd round her form, and ſparkled on her face.
" Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes,"
To ſooth the wretched, and to pleaſe the wiſe,
Her ſoft attractions cou'd the power impart,
To charm the eye, and captivate the heart.

Thus truly perfect, form'd to be admir'd,
Her gentle ſpirit from this life retir'd;
And worthy HEAVEN, (if mortals worthy are,)
She doubtleſs joins her kindred ANGELS there.

ODE ON INDIFFERENCE.

THRICE happy him! whoſe mind ſerene
Is govern'd by the golden mean,
  True to one ſteady courſe,
Who ever ſage, tho' often gay,
In beaten paths reſolves to ſtay,
  Leſt others ſhou'd prove worſe.

He ne'er has known the phrenzy'd ſtart,
The anguiſh of a burſting heart,
  The fever of the brain;
His pulſe in even meaſure beats,
His views no diſappointment meets,
  His mind endures no pain:

And bleſt the nymph! who, far remote
From courts, contented with her lot,
  In humble ſtation moves;
Who, when her rural taſks are o'er,
Doubly enjoys the leiſure hour
  Among her native groves.

The pillow that ſupports her head
Conceals no thorn; content has ſhed
  A balm upon her breaſt:
With downy wings the moments fly—
Nor feel the murmur of a ſigh
  Their wonted ſpeed arreſt.

Or (into ſettled habit grown,)
If calm domeſtic love is known,
And friendſhip's ſteady beam,
Theſe mark the current of her days,
Like as the bright ethereal rays
Dance on the ripling ſtream.

Hear this, ye ſlaves to love and care!
This leſſon from indifference hear—
Each wild exceſs avoid;
Still betwixt mirth and ſorrow ſteer,
Tranquil thro' each revolving year,
By no regrets annoy'd.

Diſmiſs the ſly coquettiſh ſmile,
The converſe faſhion'd to beguile,
The ſecret aim to pleaſe:
No more endeavour to enſlave;
No fetters forge, no homage crave,
And only covet eaſe.

Let wayward paſſion, wild deſire,
To dark cimmerian ſhades retire,
Subdu'd by reaſon's frown;
Let virtue, ever bright and fair,
Take wayward fancy to her care,
And mark ye for her own.

From ſcenes of diſſipation turn—
The method to be happy, learn
At Sylvia's cottage door;
Where honeſt induſtry is bleſt
With chearful days, unbroken reſt,
Tho' not with fortune's ſtore.

Where, ignorant of art and *tôn*,
Her peaceful moments glide along,
And happy is her fate:
Stranger to envy, free from care,
Enjoying health and comfort there,
She envys not the great.

THE SCHOOL FOR SATIRE.

HOW oft we ſee the female ſex
Themſelves with jealous fancies vex!
With envy, which they cannot ſmother,
They tell the failings of each other;
Or if a dear, provoking creature,
Has not one blemiſh in her nature,
A mole, an eyelaſh, can ſupply
The means for female induſtry;
(A ſpider clinging to a thread,
Can ſoon the web of miſchief ſpread.)

Black-ey'd Nariſſa crys, "'tis true
"That Celeſtina's eyes are blue!
"But can we find expreſſion there?—
"Beſides, the fool has flaxen hair."

I ſee BROWN Amarilla ſneer,
Becauſe Polyxena is FAIR;
'Tis mighty eaſy, ſhe avers,
To wear a ſkin as white as her's;—
But, for her part, ſhe'd rather be
From ARTIFICIAL fairneſs free.

Cynthia, whoſe teeth Dumergue has made,
Follows the ſame cenſorious trade;
Crys, "What d'ye mean by Flavia's youth?"
"You ſee that ſhe has loſt a tooth!"

Tall Lucy rails at little Dy,
Who only meaſures four feet high;
Fat Bell deteſts her couſin Prue,
Since ſhe ſo thin and airy grew;
And ſnub-nos'd Chloe hates a woman
Whoſe noſe but borders on the Roman.

Doris the ſawcy, free, and rude,
Rails at Myrtilla for a prude;
And Galatea ſays, with ſpite,
Dorinda's eye-brows are too light,
When it is known to half the town
That Galatea makes her own.

Ah why, ye fair! this cruel rage?
Do ye not all adorn the ſtage?
Decreed to charm in different ways,
Do ye not all create a blaze?
And, after all that has been ſaid,
Ye can but ſparkle, bloom, and fade.

Then be contented with your lot,
Nor covet charms your friends have got;
And learn, that candour and good-nature
Act like a charm on ev'ry feature,
Reſtoring to Meduſa's face,
Compoſure, harmony, and grace.

On the Death of the Right Honourable

WILLIAM EARL OF MANSFIELD,

March 1793.

THE awful mandate iſſues from the ſkies—
The good, the venerable Mansfield dies!
Behold the genius of Britannia mourn,
The brighteſt flower of oratory gone,
And in the annals of our country's fame,
Inſcribe in capitals her MURRAY's name;
Whilſt Caledonia, with becoming zeal,
Atteſts the act, and ſtamps it with her ſeal.
For born within HER realm, this honour'd Sage
Firſt ponder'd o'er the academic page;
Acquir'd the happy art to win renown,
And made true claſſic elegance his own.

There, did his infant lips firſt ſtrive to ſpeak,
There, NATURE laid her roſes on his cheek,
Gave to his eye the lightning's vivid fire,
And tun'd his voice to the AONIAN LYRE:
Then ſent him forth with eloquence to plead,
Wiſdom to judge, and ſweetneſs to perſuade,
With all thoſe talents that eſſential are,
To grace the ſenate, or to lead the bar *.

* Vide Sir James Marriot's Poems.
" Whene'er he ſlept, the bees in cluſters hung,
" And gave their ſweets to his mellifluous tongue."

Britannia ſaw his worth — ſhe bade him ſhine
In Courts of Juſtice, and forſake the Nine,
To minds inferior, leave poetic Bays,
And win that nobler meed, a NATION'S PRAISE.
Fir'd at her voice, ambitious of applauſe,
He turn'd his genius to explore the laws;
To learn the mazy windings of debate,
And gain due knowledge to aſſiſt the ſtate.
In Themis Courts his ſplendid talents ſhone,
His was the piercing eye, the dulcet tone,
Diſcriminating judgement, ſterling ſenſe,
And all the powers of attic eloquence.
In private life, by gentleneſs and eaſe,
By poliſh'd manners, he was wont to pleaſe;
By chearful converſe, by attention kind,
To intereſt the heart and charm the mind.

At length the fates ordain'd a ſlow decay,
(The great, the good, their ſummons muſt obey!)
To yonder ſhades they will'd him to repair,
And paſs the evening of exiſtence there;
Decreed the gentle offices to prove,
Of tender friendſhip, and of duteous love.

There, full of wiſdom dignity and years,
This venerable NESTOR claims our tears,
Sets like the SUN, but ah! no more to riſe
In this vain WORLD — his tranſit is the SKIES!
While his immortal fame that ne'er can die,
Tranſmits his praiſes to poſterity.

RETIREMENT.

FROM noiſe, from faſhion, gladly I recede,
In paths of rational delight to tread;
To watch the lilac burſting into bloom,
With tints that mimic art can ne'er aſſume;
To view young foliage decorate the ſcene,
And ſhed o'er ev'ry bough a vivid green.
To ſee the elegant liburnum ſhew
Its golden cluſters, pendant from the bough,
And on the hills and moſſy banks to view
The palid primroſe, and the violet blue.

Hail! Nature hail! on ev'ry hill and lawn,
I ſee thy renovated beauties dawn;
On ev'ry bough thy gay muſicians hear,
Pouring ſoft muſic on th' enraptur'd ear,
Till ev'ry walk that winds along the grove,
Reſounds with vocal harmony and love.

Enjoying all that nature can beſtow,
With gratitude I feel my boſom glow;
Rich in content, I view the ſcene around,
Where the ſublime and beautiful are found;
Proud hills, and ſmiling vallies, meads and groves,
Such as the painter and the poet loves.

(And here the name of Chart demands my ſong—
Prais'd be thoſe woods which I have rov'd among,
Prais'd be the various beauties of the ground,
The curious plants that in the walks are found,
But moſt the owners of a place, that wears
Far more attractive charms, becauſe 'tis theirs.)

If homeward I return, new ſcenes appear,
And theſe (tho' diff'rent) equal beauty wear.
When o'er the verdant vale I caſt my eyes,
Yon CHURCH a thouſand pleaſing thoughts ſupplies:
Siſter, and friend! to thee my lay is due,
With whom my early years ſo ſwiftly flew;
The ſame our wiſhes, and the ſame our fears,
Our childiſh pleaſures, and our later cares.
(With one alas! no more) we ſkipp'd along,
Joy urg'd the ſmile, and nature tun'd the ſong;
Till as the years of infancy withdrew,
What firſt was habit, into friendſhip grew,
And long experience of each other's truth
Improv'd the tie, that had begun in youth.
With pride I ſee thee, Julia! what thou art,
Adorning both the wife's and mother's part;
With temper cloudleſs as a ſummer ſky,
Peace in your breaſt, complacence in your eye;
In manner gentle, as your form is fair,
In mind affectionate, in ſpeech ſincere;
With joy I ſee you ev'ry bleſſing prove,
Domeſtic comfort! and connubial love!
Whilſt happy, thro' the woodland walks we ſtray,
Among the trees our ſportive children play,
And in their actions we behold, renew'd,
The time when WE the ſpangled fly purſu'd;

Or thro' the flow'ry meads each other led,
To pluck the blue-bell from its graſſy bed.
To ſee the partridge from its covert ſpring,
To hear the ring-dove coo — the ſky-lark ſing;
Whilſt kind parental ſmiles our paſtime bleſt,
And ev'ry place appear'd in ſunſhine dreſt.
But here affection claims the filial tear,
Due to the mem'ry of thoſe friends ſo dear —
Thoſe honour'd friends are number'd with the dead!
And loſt thoſe walks in which we us'd to tread!

Yet let me turn from that affecting thought,
To preſent ſcenes, with ſatisfaction fraught;
Here, whereſoe'er I chance to turn my eyes,
Nature preſents her gay varieties.
Smiles on the hill, and in the valley roves,
Blooms in the fields, and variegates the groves;
With ev'ry leaf that courts the ſummer gale,
From the deep holly, to the ilex pale.

Yon trees remind the muſe of friendſhip's claim,
Due to the charm that waits on Leſlie's name.
There, the admirer of true worth may find
Whate'er is good, benevolent, and kind.
Manners from guile and affectation free,
Politeneſs blended with ſincerity.

Bireno and Hermione appear
Within their calm retreat, devoid of care,
Bleſt with what moſt can ev'ry ſcene improve,
Unclouded tempers, and unfading love.

With manners ſuited to his placid mien,
Euryalus in yonder path is ſeen;

His form reveals the venerable ſage,
Yet his ſtrong MIND reſiſts the froſt of age:
Glows with a genius which inſpires his tongue,
Both to amuſe, and to inſtruct the young;
Sheds o'er the eve of life a ſteady ray,
And makes December leſs remote from May.

On the high ſummit of thoſe verdant lands,
Where a gay manſion * ſo conſpicuous ſtands,
Two lovely nymphs like Hamadryads move,
Gay and content, along the chequer'd grove;
Jocund, they haſten from their calm retreat,
With winning ſmiles the wand'ring muſe to greet.

Where yonder ſpecimen of taſte † appears,
And 'midſt the woods diſtinguiſh'd beauty wears,
True ſcience flouriſhes, good humour reigns,
And VIRTUE ſhares the praiſe that GENIUS gains;
All that belongs to wiſdom, worth, and grace,
Adorn the owners of that charming place;
While the ſoft tie which FRIENDSHIP can impart,
Beguiles the time, and intereſts the heart.

Boxhill with grandeur riſing on the eye,
Gives to the picture force and dignity,
And brings its worthy owner to my mind,
The learned! virtuous! ſenſible! and kind!
Whoſe aged cheſnuts ſpread their noble boughs,
Replete with ſhade, and friendly to repoſe;
Whoſe ancient caſtle HISTORY has known,
Since the Sixth Henry ſat upon the throne.

Again the Muſe, beguil'd by fancy, roves
In paths that Nature decks, and reaſon loves;

* Denbies † Norbury Park.

A peaceful cottage near the MOLE is ſeen,
All taſte without, all elegance within.
Romantic beauty there conſpicuous ſhines,
And rural charms with lofty grandeur joins;
The valley ſeems a gay Arcadian ſcene,
With Arabella for its lovely queen,
Whoſe roſy lips are faſhion'd to diſpenſe
The ſmiles of friendſhip, and the words of ſenſe.

Surrounded thus by objects fair and bright,
(All that can ſuit my taſte, and charm my ſight,)
Bleſt with my lot, to others I reſign
Thoſe ſcenes, where tapers blaze, and jewels ſhine;
Where only artificial roſes blow,
And faſhion reigns the ſovereign of the ſhew.

Some make a life of gayity their choice,
And in the tumult of the ſtreet rejoice;
Faſhion their idol, public praiſe their aim,
In ev'ry place, in ev'ry ſcene the ſame,
The joys of rural paſtimes they diſown,
And never quit the habits of the town.
The roſy morning, and the ſober eve,
To ſuch no cauſe for contemplation give;
To them inſipid is the blackbird's ſong,
The rural walk is tireſome, triſte, and long;
The chequer'd proſpect, and the tranquil ſhade,
The fragrant woodbine mantling o'er the head,
Fields rich with corn, and gardens gay with flowers,
Nature's rude caverns, Art's fantaſtic bow'rs,
Are vulgar charms; and they wou'd gladly run
From the bold ſplendour of the ſetting ſun,
(When with majeſtic radiance he declines,
And o'er the weſtern hills refulgent ſhines.)

They left the town becauſe the throng was gone,
And 'twou'd be Gothic to remain alone;
But to the vulgar country they have brought
Thoſe cuſtoms, which they were by faſhion taught;
Turn night to day, nor quit their bed till noon,
Loath to be ſeen unfaſhionably ſoon.
'Tis maſculine to ride — a bore to walk,
And there's no ſcandal that excites to talk:
" Shut out the odious ſcenery," they cry,
" Let us the pleaſures of the banquet try,
" Let luxury appear, let joy abound,
" And Bacchus be by laughing Momus crown'd;
" Or deck the hall with many a mimic wreath,
" And bid the flute in dulcet meaſures breathe;
" Let the ſweet harp the melody prolong,
" Conjoin'd with beauty's faſcinating ſong.
" Then let the tabor ſound — the dance we'll try,
" (Leſt Morpheus ſhou'd ſubdue the weary eye;)
" Or let the tables inſtantly be ſet —
" 'Tis intereſting ſure to play or bet!
" But baniſh books, with ſober dullneſs fraught,
" Each ſentimental tale, or ſerious thought;
" Let mirth and pleaſure laugh at care and ſorrow —
" We'll live TO-DAY, and think not of TO-MORROW."

Such are their joys, and ſuch the life they lead —
Some minds perhaps, theſe trivial pleaſures need;
To be the *tôn* is all that they profeſs,
This is their ſtudy, and their *fôrte* is dreſs;
The ladies die with idleneſs and ſpleen,
And find a new diſtreſs in ev'ry ſcene,
Screaming at ev'ry ſpeck of dirt they meet,
Tho' fond of walking in a public ſtreet;

Eating no more than wou'd ſuffice a bird,
(Since to be fat is a defect, they've heard,)
Afraid a drop of rain ſhou'd hurt their clothes,
And diſcompos'd by ev'ry wind that blows,
(When at the opera they cou'd bear to ſit,
Tho' whirlwinds were to agitate the pit.)
To theſe a country life muſt dull appear,
And ſad *Ennui* fill up the languid year;
How wou'd they ſneer, if I ſhou'd dare propoſe
To plant the violet, or ſupport the roſe,
To learn the names of various flow'rs that blow,
And gaze delighted on the motley ſhew.
In rural walks invite their ſteps to ſtray,
And hear the nightingale's harmonious lay,
Climb the ſteep hill to ſee th' extenſive view,
Or gaze on ſkies of a celeſtial blue;
At evening rove by Luna's ſilver ray,
And myriads of irradiant ſtars ſurvey!

Alike to faſhionable minds appear
The various beauties of the changing year;
The vernal ſpring in blooming charms array'd,
The ſummer's heat that recommends the ſhade,
The mellow autumn, (when the golden corn,
In plenteous crops, the fertile fields adorn.)
Equal to them appears the grove or ſtreet,
If they are ſure ſociety to meet;
Hills cover'd o'er with ſnow, and leafleſs trees,
Can like the ſeaſon of Pomona pleaſe;
For how can minds like theirs amuſements glean,
From joys ſo tame, and proſpects ſo ſerene?
From paſtoral delights, umbrageous groves,
Which mild philoſophy and reaſon loves!

But why ſhou'd I their diff'rent ſyſtem blame?
We ALL have our purſuits, tho' not the ſame;
If I, like them, at Faſhion's altar bow'd,
I too might bluſh to differ from the crowd;
Let each their plan of happineſs purſue,
The world is wide — and *chacq'un à ſon goût.*

Here ends my lay — the Muſe appears ſevere
To thoſe who ſport in pleaſure's wild career;
The TIMES I blame — for thoſe who ſeem ſo gay,
Conform to cuſtoms of the PRESENT day.
Perchance if they had liv'd in former days
When Rome reſounded with her matron's praiſe,
Thoſe who a diſſipated life purſue,
Had been Penelopes and Arrias too.
Had match'd the Julian and Auguſtan line
In all that makes the mortal ſeem divine,
And might from hoary ſenators receive
The brighteſt crown that Roman hands cou'd give.

And now farewell my quill! I thee reſign —
'Tis time to quit acquaintance with the Nine;
Domeſtic occupations, pious cares,
Grave thoughts ſhou'd fill the remnant of my years;
Let me, (at leaſt a while) forſake the LYRE,
And learn more uſeful ſtudies to acquire.
While in this calm retreat content I ſtray,
And with a partial eye the ſcene ſurvey,
Explore the ſhady wood, the ſunny glade,
I think on HIM who all theſe beauties made,
Then breathe a prayer of gratitude to HEAV'N,
And wiſh to keep what PROVIDENCE has giv'n.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.